The Nation

Vol. CVIII NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1919 No. 2802

The Week

HAVE the Allies yielded too late? "It is a race against time and the Spartacides," says a recent dispatch from Paris, telling of the final reluctant decision of France to allow food to go to Germany. Three hundred thousand tons of food a month are now promised to fight the Allies' cause against Bolshevism and terror spreading westward. The mere promise of food will probably strengthen the hand of the German Government, but it begins to look as though more blood must be spilled before Germany can pull herself together into a coherent, organized national whole. Forcible revolution seems to be the only human recourse against hunger and desperation. When General Plumer reports that the British soldiers of the Army of Occupation will themselves revolt rather than endure longer the sight of women and children dying of famine, it is not hard to imagine the mental state of the starving women and their husbands and sons. The "race against time and the Spartacides" bids fair to be a close one. The strikes and the revolutionary disorders appear to be temporarily under control at the cost of hundreds of lives, but the very stringency of the Government measures of repression indicates the real extent of the unrest. It is interesting in this connection to note with how much complacency the press remarks upon the wholesale execution by the Ebert Government of hundreds of revolting Sparatacans. There is no talk of terror or massacre or refusing to deal further with a Government of assassins. Obviously, execution is the only way to handle counter revolutionists—in Germany. The fact of the matter is that the Allies have need of a Government in Germany, a Government crippled to be sure by terms ever more severe, but still something in the shape of a "stable" Government with which they can make peace and to which they can render their bills for fabulous indemnities.

AT least General von Hindenburg has the unique distinction of a definite Russian policy. Almost simultaneously with the announcement by Bonar Law that none of the Allies would recommend dispatching the necessary forces to quell anarchy in Russia, comes the report that von Hindenburg is recruiting troops to fight the Bolsheviki on the Baltic front. Bonar Law complains that conditions are terrible in Russia; starvation is the newest crime of which the Bolsheviki are guilty. The people, he asserts, are starving to death at the rate of 200 a day in Petrograd alone; and yet the Allies, thinking ever of the cost, procrastinate and refuse to act. Only Hindenburg sees his duty, and, quite simply, sets out to do it. When people are starving the obvious remedy is to kill them as rapidly as possible. If any Bolshevist apologist should attempt to excuse the crime of starvation on the ground that, while the Germans seized and pillaged the food supply of the Ukraine, the Allies completely cut off Soviet Russia from access to the crops of Siberia, it is probable that neither Bonar Law nor von Hindenburg would find it necessary to make any reply. Von Hindenburg, as a simple man of action, would go on recruiting troops to crush the infamous thing, and Bonar Law would shake his head and regret the lack of a positive Russian policy. The Allies have failed in their war on Russia; they appear to have failed almost as signally in their awkward attempt at conciliation. Are they winning their subtler war of starvation against Soviet Russia?

M. PERET, of the Budget Commission of the French Chamber of Deputies, says:

> As to our after-war budgets, they will exceed eighteen milliards ($3,600,000,000) and we have scarcely nine milliards ($1,800,000,000) of permanent receipts, that is, from taxes and other budget revenues.

Aside from the grave fiscal situation thus indicated, intelligent leaders in Paris realize that France can no longer sit back and figure out whether the indemnity from Germany will be enough to set her up in business again; the German vein is by no means inexhaustible. If Germany be ruined both industrially and financially by the terms of the peace, she will not be able to pay even reparatory damages. Therefore the latest French documents on reconstruction refer to the great field there offered to American enterprise and finance. America is to participate in the rebuilding of Northern France, and the reconstruction of French industry and agriculture. A powerful and friendly America is more to be relied on than an impoverished and unwilling Germany. Surely, it is thought, if France relinquishes the victor's usual technique of rendering a vanquished foe forever powerless, for the sake of backing America's international scheme, she may look to America to be made financially secure.

THE Belgian demand for Dutch territory now before the Paris conference has an international background which is not generally recognized. A hundred years ago the Congress of Vienna attempted to curb French imperialism by creating a strong Dutch kingdom on the northern frontier of France. Belgium and Holland, much against their individual wishes, were joined together and the new Dutch king was told to create a strong army to counteract any move on the part of the turbulent French state. Now the centre of danger has moved. Germany is the power which must be held within definite bounds. For this purpose France desires a strong Belgian state. The dozen men who now rule the French Republic would gladly give the Dutch coal mines to Belgium in order to strengthen the industrial power of their small neighbor. The francophile party in Belgium, exasperated by the illguided follies of a small number of Flemish activist leaders, uses this French support to clamor for the reëstablishment of certain mystical ancient frontiers which would surrender to Belgium the greater part of one of Holland's most valuable provinces. England, which a hundred years ago was opposed to the forced and unpopular union of Belgium and Holland, does not favor the present plan. America, unaffected by the immediate political results, has to judge the question upon its ethical basis. It hardly wishes a repetition of the costly blunders of the Vienna plenipotentiaries.

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IF the conflict of Jewish opinion in regard to Zionism leads the indolent-minded Gentile to conclude that it is no concern of his, he is wrong. *Pace* some of our Senators, Terence was right: Nothing in human affairs but is our business. The Zionist plans have a powerful appeal not only to persons susceptible of historical romanticism, but to those who would like to see a door always open out of the Ghetto, and above all to those who are interested in the promise of a state in the Near East drawing freely on Jewish brains, culture, and capital, experimenting with modern ideas of a socialized land-system, and stimulating neighboring, and largely related, Arab, Syrian, Armenian, and Turkish populations to new life. Furthermore, there seems little reason to share the fear, which makes one of the chief arguments against the plan in the minds of many successful Jews, that a Jewish state will undermine the standing of themselves and their fellows in Europe and America, either by confusing their allegiance or by giving them an alien color. But some liberals are honestly perturbed as to the ultimate effect of giving to the already enormously extended British Empire so important an addition as a protectorate over a Jewish Palestine; and more are asking, what of the present inhabitants of Palestine and their relations to the handful of Jews who have already immigrated and those who are expected to come? The Prince of the new Arabian kingdom, in his recently published letter to Felix Frankfurter, professes on the part of the Arabs entire satisfaction with the Zionist plans, and says, "We are working together for a reformed and revived Near East and our two movements complete each other." We can only trust that the Jewish leaders in Palestine will be wise enough to justify this faith.

THE safeguarding of the rights of national minorities, and especially of Jewish populations in Eastern Europe, constitutes one of the most difficult of international problems. On the one hand are all the dangers involved in external interference with domestic affairs, and especially the menace of a possible Holy Alliance to maintain the political and economic *status quo*. On the other hand is the moral and political impossibility of standing passive in the presence of Armenian massacres, Jewish pogroms, and efforts to subjugate and denationalize minority elements. Such treatment, for instance, as the former Magyar oligarchy meted out to Servians, Rumanians, and Slovaks means not only wastage of the human spirit, but—experientia docet—it sows the actual seeds of war. Various proposals are in the field. One is that the league of nations should, from the start, grant to groups claiming to be oppressed a right to have their case publicly heard and pronounced upon by the competent organ of the league, trusting that public opinion thus enlightened would be a safeguard against the worst abuses. Another proposal is that a bill of rights should be included in the constitution of the league guaranteeing a certain measure of internal equity in the constituent countries. The Central Organization for Durable Peace has put forward the draft of a proposed international treaty on the subject. The most powerful spokesmen for guarantees against oppression are unquestionably the Jews, and committees from England, France, Italy, and the United States are organizing to bring pressure upon the peace conference to require the newly constituted states to adopt, as part of their constitutions, irrepealable clauses guaranteeing equality of status to all inhabitants.

TO form an idea of the rapidity with which British war activities are being brought to an end, one has only to contemplate the figures for a recent week in Sheffield; 10,000 war workers were discharged, receiving £14,000 out-of-work pay, and 3,000 more workers were given notice. No one can yet tell how this demobilization of army and industry will develop. At first, it is reported, men are quite happy spending their out-of-work pay on the cinema, but when the interim pay stops, as it eventually must, even if the ex-worker or soldier has not found work, then the real test will come. Mr. Sidney Webb maintains that there is employment for all if the state will engage for work on public improvements only those men who cannot find regular employment. In the real business of reconstruction, however, few actual measures have been taken. The British press is full of demands for housing facilities. Inclusive of Scotland, and owing to cessation of building forced by the war, it is estimated that 400,000 houses are needed at once. Landlords are getting impatient because they have been forced to keep down rents, while taxes have gone up.

THE head of the National Housing and Town Planning Council, Mr. Henry Aldridge, is hopeful in regard to British building plans. His organization has just submitted a report to the Local Government Board, giving the areas most in need of houses, and demanding that the Government increase the authority of the individual local boards and the financial aid extended to them. He believes that the old law on this subject, properly amended, will amply forward the building of the necessary houses. That law provided that the locality making the improvements should be taxed only a penny in the pound. The central authorities were to meet the deficit. Mr. Aldridge expects the building of dwellings to commence soon on a large scale all over England, Scotland, and Wales. He plans not only for the immediate need of 400,000 houses, but for the wiping out of all unfit dwellings in the country. In other words, his organization plans, with the approval of the labor people, for a programme for 1,000,000 dwellings within the next ten years.

THE thirty-seven Senators who signed the Lodge resolution against the league of nations, we now learn, are not all of them die-hard opponents of any league, and the resolution was a political trick wittingly turned to embarrass the President and to misrepresent the nation before European eyes. Senator Cummins was asked to write the resolution after the reactionaries saw clearly that they could not find enough signatories for an honest and unequivocal draft to jeopardize the peace treaty in the Senate. The Republicans probably hope that by the time the elections come around such despicable machinations will be forgotten. Yet, though the Republican opposition is more or less factitious, the President ought by this time to recognize that there is a body of feudal thought against him, and also a body of liberal thought, and that between them, though there can never be conscious coöperation, there is enough power to wreck his plans. All along, the President's diffidence in the face of his liberal support has militated against him; the compromises he has charted with an eye to the conservatives have not placated the latter, while they have chilled the faith of the radicals. Honest politics are always good politics, and there is only one method by which the President can win victories—by loyalty to the fourteen points and to the league that he formerly preached.

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BERNARD SHAW once sagely designated the war as a fight upon our own worst faults as practiced by the enemy; and in these days of high thinking about the Irish, the Hindus, and the Arabs, the Philippines bid us indulge for a moment the faculty of introspection. The two houses of the territorial Legislature, sitting jointly in special session, have instructed the Independence Mission to function permanently until independence is achieved. In some of the archives at Washington there is undoubtedly an ample bureaucratic report of this simple affirmation by the best colony of our empire; it should be published and understood. A Filipino commission at the peace conference, invoking the privilege of self-determination, would be a fine proof of the virtue of American tutoring. It is diverting to visualize the reception our delegates might accord such visitors, reciting their lesson perfectly in the tapestried spaces of a French palace. One can imagine Mr. Wilson adroitly acceding, and the European barons overwhelmed by his tormenting sincerity, while Republican Senators at home filled the press with jeers, and the President cited his intuitive knowledge as to America's fundamental generosity. But since the Philippines belong to us, they are, of course, different from colonies belonging to any one else.

THE number of men killed in the war is put at 7,354,000. The figures carry little meaning; for the imagination is powerless to provide their actual background of human suffering. Yet if we add to this the number of men who limp about the streets of the entire world, and of those who are diseased, wounded, and insane, we get some slight measure of the horror of the past four years. With these figures fresh in mind, we turn to the report of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, which for no other reason than because these 7,354,000 men were dying day by day, did a business of more than a billion dollars during the war. The total dividends on common stock and exchanged securities have amounted to 458 per cent. on the par value of the original stock. "It is difficult to imagine a more satisfactory financial result," concludes the company's report. We are told that the Grand Central Palace is in the near future to be used for the display of Du Pont company products. At present the building is a hospital for returned soldiers. Should not a few of the wounded be left in the Palace in order to demonstrate the effectiveness of the Du Pont ammunition? The whole business is a hideous one; yet we have no assurance that this making of profits out of armament will not continue under the proposed constitution of the league of nations.

THE President has pardoned three of the young soldiers who were under death sentence, and has commuted the sentences of fifty-two persons given extreme sentences under the Espionage Act. There are still many cases awaiting review. The apparent feud which has arisen in the War Department seems to have confused the whole problem of securing justice to soldiers court-martialled during the war, to conscientious objectors, and to prisoners incarcerated for expression of unpopular opinion. There is danger that the whole matter of amnesty may be abandoned. Secretary Baker has written to General Crowder: "I have not been made to believe by the perusal of these complaints [those first made by General Ansell] that justice is not done today under the military law, or has not been done during the war period." A contrary opinion, however, has found lodgment in the mind of the public, which, in addition to the revelations of former General, now Lieutenant Colonel Ansell, has now heard the evidence of Representative Johnson. Might not this aftermath of controversy and accusation be settled by the consideration of immediate amnesty for war prisoners, whether military or civil?

THE report of the Tariff Commission is on the whole satisfactory so far as it goes, though it necessarily moves within the limits imposed by our existing tariff policy. "The United States," says the commission, "should ask no special favors and should grant no special favors. It should exercise its powers and impose its penalties, not for securing discrimination in its favor, but to prevent discrimination to its disadvantage." The principle of equal treatment laid down in the first sentence is wholly sound, and the commission enforces it with the following historical observation:

> So far as commercial policy and commercial negotiations are concerned, the evidence presented in the present report indicates that a policy of special arrangements, such as the United States has followed in recent decades, leads to troublesome complications. Whether as regards our reciprocity treaties or as regards our interpretation of the most-favored-nation clause, the separate and individual treatment of each case tends to create misunderstanding and friction with countries which, though supposed to be not concerned, yet are in reality much concerned.

We regret that the commission found itself driven under our existing law to recommend the possible imposition of additional duties as a preventive of discrimination against our goods, for experience indicates that the offering of concessions rather than the threatening of penalties is the effective method of securing progress toward that commercial liberalism which has now become more than ever important. At such a time as this it is disturbing to see the Australian minister of customs issuing a proclamation forbidding the import of any goods except those of British origin; and one can not help wondering what significance, if any, attaches to the British announcement that no import restrictions shall continue to be imposed on goods coming into the United Kingdom from any port of the Empire. Does it all forecast the old scheme of imperial preference again?

NEXT month a new Liberty Loan campaign is to be launched. Vast sums of money will be needed, and it is the intention of our Treasury to appeal not only to citizens of the United States, but to foreign residents as well. For this purpose a number of committees have been appointed, and South American, Scandinavian, and Japanese merchants are freely offering their services to make the loan popular among their fellow countrymen. These patriotic yeomen are likely to have no easy time. Day after day our distinguished Senators have been waking the echoes of the Capitol with impassioned warnings against the foreigner, carrying on a campaign of imperialism and jingoism. The United States must have a vast fleet; she must stand first in armament; let no neighbor trifle with the honor, the dignity, or the interests of the great democracy. These loud mouthings of our Senatorial imperialists are heard abroad. We can hardly expect a Mexican or a Chilian to lend us his dollars so that we may build more ships with which to destroy him if he should boldly cross our path of economic conquest. Yet that is exactly what this talk in Congress means.

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The Darkening Outlook For Peace

MR. A. G. GARDINER, the editor of the London *Daily News*, is one of England's most accomplished journalists. What he says on any public question is listened to and quoted, not merely because he is the responsible editor of a great newspaper, but also because he has back of him a great body of liberal opinion which, while less radical than that for which the *Manchester Guardian* or the London *Nation* speaks, is perhaps on that account more likely to be accepted as the matured conviction of the thoughtful British public as a whole. When, accordingly, Mr. Gardiner launches so unsparing an attack upon the peace conference as appeared in the editorial columns of the *Daily News* a few days ago, we may be sure that the situation is at least as bad as it is painted, if indeed the failures and mischievous tendencies of the conference are not under rather than over stated.

The situation at Paris, set forth by Mr. Gardiner with no mincing of words, and confirmed in all essential respects by no less able a correspondent than Dr. E. J. Dillon, is such as to make every friend of a democratic peace sick at heart. The outlook is more than discouraging—it is humiliating. After two months of organized existence, there are still no terms of peace announced or known to have been practically agreed upon. Various committees and commissions have been created, and from time to time they have been reported to be at work, but if they have worked to any useful constructive purpose the world has not been informed as to what that purpose is. Yet the failure of the conference to produce thus far so much as a single article of peace might be forgiven were there any assurance that that body is in essential accord on the principles of peace or its larger details, or that no advantage was being taken of its procrastination to deepen the miseries or heighten the complexities which have followed upon the war. Unfortunately, the evidence is all the other way. Not only is the conference itself torn by dissension, but what is far worse, its member Governments, by the policy which some of them are pursuing, are as good as inviting the continuance and spread of the violent disorders which are sweeping Europe, while at the same time forging such potent material for racial, national, and class conflict in the future as to make the hope of long-continued peace hardly more than an iridescent dream.

What some of these evils are has been made clear, in language unwontedly frank, by Mr. Gardiner in the editorial to which we have referred. At the head of the list is the impossible treatment of Germany in the matter of indemnities. Germany, it appears, is to be asked to pay some $30,000,000,000, at the rate of $600,000,000 annually for fifty years. This is in addition to new armistice conditions, the appropriation for an indefinite period of its merchant marine, and the demands of France for territorial acquisitions and guarantees which, if accepted and enforced, will go far to render Germany impotent as a military or naval power. These extraordinary demands, mainly the result of the stubborn insistence of the French Government supported by the prestige of Marshal Foch, upon reparation for the past and protection for the future, are rightly characterized by Mr. Gardiner as beyond reason, partly because they exceed the ability of Germany to pay, and partly because, being humiliating as well as excessive, they will fix in the heart of the German people an undying hatred of France and the Allies which will be certain to burst out in war at the earliest opportunity. And the conference which is dallying with peace is actually planning for war. Great Britain, which professes sympathy for a league of nations, is nevertheless asking for £440,000,000 for its army and £149,000,000 for its navy; France intends to keep up a large army; and the United States, the only professedly altruistic nation represented in the conference, holds in reserve a huge naval programme whose initial building cost aggregates $650,000,000,000. So far as the peace conference is concerned, the only disarmament in sight is the disarmament of Germany, and that, presumably, is to be accompanied by military occupation of the country while the indemnity is being paid. Does anyone in his senses imagine that this sort of thing will make for peace, or commend the league of nations to any country reluctant to join it?

So it is with the remainder of the dreary category. Nothing has been done by the conference to help Germany and Austria to accomplish the constitutional revolution which Mr. Wilson has demanded, or to reëstablish the industry out of whose surplus product alone can an indemnity be paid. The commissions which have been appointed to deal with Poland and to treat with the Russian factions contain hardly a single name of first-rate calibre, the disorders in Germany run daily a more violent course, and soldier outbreaks in England show how seriously the ferment is spreading. A brutal embargo upon food, declared by Italy and stubbornly persisted in, bade fair to result in the starvation of some millions of Jugoslavs and others in southeastern Europe, after which, presumably, the imperial designs of Italy will be easier of accomplishment, and it is not yet clear but that relief has come too late. With other millions starving in other parts of the world and exorbitant food prices everywhere, the Paris negotiators still wrangle over the question whether hunger shall be relieved by low-priced wheat from Australia or Argentina or high-priced wheat from the United States and Canada. Meantime Japan, a silent observer of the futile game, presses its demands upon China and prepares for an economic invasion of Siberia, while the brotherhood of man is to be cemented in the United States by the prohibition of immigration and the systematic deportation of aliens. Over all hangs the shadow of revolution, before whose grim advance the peace conference, like the nations which compose it, folds its hands in dull helplessness and awaits the wrath of the gods. Never has an international conference, summoned at the conclusion of a great war for the express purpose of restoring peace and making the world better, shown so little skill or piled up for the nations which it represented such mountains of difficulty.

If anyone ever really imagined that the proposal of a league of nations would bind together the spokesmen of the nations in unity of sentiment regarding the problems which confronted them, or repress the schemes of calculating selfishness which the years of war had stimulated, he must by this time have been undeceived. The world knows now, what it has been suspecting for some time, that, while it has gained a draft of the constitution of a league, it has as yet gained nothing else. The forces of selfishness and reaction appear dominant in the preparation of the document, as in the secret and disreputable bargains which it ratifies.

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The Deeper Uneasiness

THE unrest in the populations of Europe, President Wilson said in his final message before sailing, is not due entirely to economic causes or economic motives. And in so saying he logically terminated a visit which was, we believe, from the first moment to the last, beside the point. The President might have come home as the chief executive of a nation impatient to resume its vital work, rather than a political plenipotentiary to report in person the progress of a mission. No league of nations, however sagaciously—or blindly—projected, can survive unless it is the alliance of states that within themselves have instituted the new régime of which the league is the international expression. Mr. Wilson views it, however, as a factor detachable from such precise premises as economics. The peoples of Europe, he finds, "see that their Governments have never been able to defend them against intrigue or aggression, and that there is no force or foresight or prudence in any modern Cabinet to stop war." And this he would have us credulously accept as the "something much deeper" underlying European uneasiness. In other words, this is the motivation of the British strikes, the German upheaval, and the Russian proletarian dictatorship. Does not the first war to be averted ride forward under the standard of economic revolutionaries? And is not the peace conference avowedly accelerating its pace to complete its task before Europe has passed beyond the summons of reason?

But Mr. Wilson, engrossed in political manœuvrings, has gone to resume his diplomatic temple building, leaving the nation without a functioning organ of legislation, leaving many of its institutions without funds, and industry without the inspiration to take up wisely the tools of production. "It is the desire of the President," said a statement of the Department of Labor announcing the call to the Governors and Mayors, "to establish before he returns to Europe a definite and nation-wide policy to stimulate public and private construction and industry in general." Had he cultivated the desire he might have cut behind his political opposition, and gone to France in the flush of the prestige his policies so obviously require.

We do not envisage the economic quandaries of the times in the simple delineations of building roads, settling waste lands, and improvising vast public projects. There is something more to the problem of prosperity than supplying jobs to the idle and confidence to Wall Street. To be sure, these are important details, yet what seems to be meant by most of the measures of relief is something to tide us over until the return of normal times. But normal times as we knew them, so all President Wilson's auditors have been taught, can not return. The lesson of the war, in one phase, at least, is that coöperation is the essential of production, and we can not become as busy as we must be until we acknowledge the coöperative structures already set up and extensively amplify them. This predicates profound modifications in the policy of capital toward labor, and of labor's spirit in the day's work. It involves a far greater participation of the employed in bearing the responsibilities and sharing the gains of industry; it ramifies into the complexities of social insurance and the living wage. Industry in the war crisis became a social duty dependent upon the willingness of individuals to serve as well as to profit. The crisis has passed, but the world still asks the highest intensity in production to rescue it from insolvency. Probably a fifth of the actual wealth of the belligerent European states has been destroyed, and the future has been conscripted to pay for the pretence of an unreal business health. Whatever the solution of fiscal problems may be, the immediate need is for the creation of wealth on an unprecedented scale. To realize this is not to give material issues priority over spiritual values. The profound truth is that the war has so stirred workers that they never will consent to serve unless they first are free. And since labor is the force by which we are to live, the questions now asked concern not only the resumption of manufacture, but concurrently a new code of industrial rights. If the President had understood, he would have called leading employers and labor representatives into a conference devoted to considerations of this nature, and he could have shown his tory confrères in Paris the America of the inner aspect.

The Governors and Mayors whom he did invite failed to cope with these questions in any way. There were remarks by New England Mayors that the textile strikes were due largely to the refusal of employers to discuss differences with their men. Mayor Meyers of Minneapolis said there should be less talk about cheap labor and more about adequate labor and adequate pay, to which we must come or "have what Seattle did." Mayor Baker of Portland spoke of an element working underground in the western country, and said, "If you don't know that there is a serious condition in the United States you had better find out, and work on a programme to meet that condition. Don't think you will meet it by forcing down men's wages and by building roads." To which Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania added that in his State it was "not so bad," though he was aware of the conditions spoken of by the Mayor of Portland. The resolutions adopted included nothing more significant than a condemnation of doctrines which inveigh against God and the Government; a suggestion that the Administration prepare for the transportation necessities of prosperity and also use the improvement of the lines as the means to help private industry; an approval of the plan of the Secretary of Commerce to regulate prices by suggestion; a recommendation that governmental restrictions on industry and materials be lifted, that public utilities continue to receive financial aid, that freight rates on building material be decreased, and that the Federal survey of natural resources be completed. Is this the "definite and nation-wide policy" the President would have us gratefully follow?

We believe that a comprehensive economic conference should meet at once, while counsel can be taken without the stress of threat, and while the Paris treaty is open to influence by an American debate on the future. It should encourage tolerant public discussion, and should be characterized by a recognition that not all those who point to the evils of modern life are the enemies of society. The President may have some such idea in view for a later time, when he can choose personally the direction of policy. But the day is passing when the nation will consign to his discretion the mandate of sole authority. The new economic truths can not be formulated by a delegate in an inaccessible chamber and acted upon by his countrymen in a patriotic flare of faith and enthusiasm. They affect every individual; they must be commonly understood. And Mr. Wilson should humbly allow the people to speak their minds, and to find their minds, on the gravest problems democracies have ever had to face.

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Basic Monopoly

WE print in this issue the first of two papers by Commissioner Howe, dealing with one of the emergency problems of reconstruction, the land question. The prevention or breaking-up of natural-resource monopoly is basic to sound economic life, and as such should claim the first interest of constructive statesmanship. Yet, as natural-resource monopoly is at the root of nearly all monopoly, its dissolution is an extremely delicate matter for the politician to approach; and this is especially true in the United States, where unrestricted private property in natural resources has always existed as a matter of unquestioned right. It has in fact been most prodigally encouraged by the Government, and has always been hedged by an impregnable bulwark of legal defence. There has never been any moral or social sentiment against land monopoly because not until lately has there been opportunity to observe its anti-social character and its powerful operation against democracy. Only since 1890 has the soil of the United States borne a monopoly value; and perhaps the same date may be set as marking the awakening of anything like a general consciousness of the sinister bearing of special forms of natural-resource monopoly, such as in oil and coal.

Hence it is no count against the sanity or the integrity of the American people that they are so tardily aware of having on their hands a problem of first-class magnitude, extraordinary difficulty, and fundamental importance; a problem, in fact, underlying and complicating all the other economic problems with which they are, since the war, suddenly confronted and beset. The country grew up under a régime of sheer economic empiricism which shaped our national habit, and habit is not unlearned in a day. Our statesmen and lawmakers have never been economists, and have never followed any principle but that of economic opportunism. Hence we are slow in understanding the nature of this trouble and in understanding the attitude of those countries whose experience with natural-resource monopoly has been much longer and weightier than ours. Probably, for example, nothing in the whole course of revolutionary Russia impressed us as more outrageous than the sudden expropriation of the Russian landlords. Mexico, too, has greatly puzzled and offended the average mind of the United States by laying down the principle of land nationalization in her constitution, and even more, by giving evidence that she intends, as far as possible, to live up to it. Hungary is reported to have made a similar provision. Germany, even before the war, had begun to lay violent hands on the great estates of East Prussia, much as Stein did on those west of the Elbe, in the last century. In short, in all the countries where revolutions have of late been bred out of the desire for economic justice, the first attack has been upon the stronghold of natural-resource monopoly.

The phenomenon is everywhere to be seen, the world over, and in spite of our natural and reasonable repugnance to it, as of those trained in a wholly different school, it remains something that we must sooner or later take the trouble to understand. We may find the foreign proposals unnatural and shocking—indeed, our own experience being what it is, we must find them so—but in order intelligently to criticise them, we must at least understand them, and we can not understand them without understanding also what the conditions were which apparently require such radical treatment. Hence, instead of passing this phenomenon by with the superciliousness of ignorance, and meeting it with nothing better than weak talk about the menace of Bolshevism and the extirpation of anarchist propaganda by force of arms, it would be better and more worthy of the instinct of a free people seriously to examine its implications upon our own civilization.

The United States has never had a land policy. In the early days, no one suspected that a country of so vast an area could ever be confronted with a pressing problem of land tenure. No one except Mr. Jefferson seems to have foreseen that a legal occupation of the land would produce an economic effect tantamount to actual occupation. Following the French school of economists which included Turgot, Dupont, the elder Mirabeau, and Quesnay, he declared that private property in natural resources is indefensible, and that "the earth belongs in usufruct" to the generation occupying it for the time being. Hamilton, on the other hand, advocated selling off the vast western area as quickly as possible, and applying the proceeds to reduce taxation and pay the public debt. Immense tracts of land were in fact disposed of at an average price of about $1.25 per acre; and was but the beginning of an almost inconceivable orgy of wastefulness with what the Russians and Mexicans and the principal body of British labor would now tell us was the basic property of the American Republic. An area equal to about one-twelfth of the total area of the United States was given to the transcontinental railways alone. Fifty-five individuals and syndicates came into control of an area of nearly thirty million acres. Foreign interests took up immense holdings, frequently obtained by fraud, and still maintain them. It is interesting to speculate upon the probable course of French and American life if the revolutionists in both countries had seen, as Turgot did there and Mr. Jefferson did here, that the vital relations of mankind are economic and not political.

Turgot, however, failed to impress his philosophy upon his countrymen, and survived merely as an educative force upon the Continent, while Mr. Jefferson's doctrine died with him. The only other suggestion of a land policy that the United States has brought forth was—perhaps curiously—in the State of Deseret, the original establishment of the Mormons. There Brigham Young introduced an interesting modification of the small-holdings principle, which has never received from students the attention that it deserves, for its effect upon agriculture can be seen to-day from the windows of a train passing between Gentile and Mormon farm-settlements. But in the century that followed Mr. Jefferson's Administration, the natural resources of the United States through legal preëmption came to bear a monopoly value. The question now raised by Mr. Howe's statistical papers relates to the effect of this condition not only upon agriculture, but upon all industry, upon urban as well as rural life, upon what is commonly called the relations of labor and capital, upon the cost of living. Is there a single item in the programme of reconstruction that can properly be considered without reference to this condition? We have the testimony of Mr. Jefferson himself that in the America of his day there were no poor; for, he says, anyone who was for any reason kept out of industry had the free alternative of going out and "laboring the earth" for himself. What, then, is the effect upon what President Wilson calls "economic serfdom," upon the maintenance of a propertyless dependent class, when this alternative is withdrawn? Other countries are facing this question, and we too must soon face it.

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The Real Russian Question

IN the days of ancient history policy was framed upon the information of messengers; and to read the testimony on Russia before the Senate Committee is to be reminded that modern inventions have not brought Moscow any closer to Washington than Gaul was to Rome. The fatuity of trying to understand a distant movement by listening to incriminations and to contradictions has been appallingly demonstrated. The committee has strikingly failed to obtain from the bevy of political novices and the handful of competent witnesses who appeared before it any precise picture of what the Bolsheviki are trying to accomplish, and how they are going about it. It is exactly this truth about Russia that we need to learn, as Mr. Robins pointed out. We need the whole truth so that we may correct our mendacious policy toward a sister nation, and especially so that we may learn what the apostles of a new thought are doing to civilization. We lack facts as to the new Russian attitude toward women. For example, is it merely the acceptance of the marriage code for some time practiced in Norway as is stated? We do not hear of the effect of the great educational reform; and of the opening of the universities to everyone. We do not know what the proletariat has cared to subscribe to support music, the drama, and the other arts. What of the new courts? The Church? How do the Russians live in communities where there is peace? Without information we shall go on chanting "'tis and 'tisn't," like a hundred million Senate Committee witnesses, and lose the opportunity to ground ourselves in precise knowledge.

For there is a dual aspect of the problem loosely termed Bolshevism—the idea itself and the Russian application of it. Reduced to its simplest terms the idea is that the human family should be composed only of producers; and what we see in Russia is not this motive, but a Russian response to the motive. The same belief would not lead to precisely the same action in Germany or France, where habits and environment are different. We must perceive this elementary distinction in justice to the rather large numbers in America who adhere to the formula but may resent the Lenine methods. For otherwise the reactionaries will succeed in turning upon these Americans all the emotionalism left over from the war, and we shall be using hysterical tactics and petty tyranny against an economic formula, believing that we are really fighting a Moscow reign of terror.

The feeling is growing that, no matter what the Russians believe, it is their right to practice their creeds without foreign dictation. This invokes a principle to which democracies must subscribe. Let the Russians alone, but by all means find out what they are about, since the idea which dominates them is no respecter of national boundaries. "Remember on the day when there is a Soviet in Berlin," Lenine told Raymond Robins, "that the little man in the Kremlin told you that on that day would be born the proletarian revolution." That day is at hand, and the world revolution has not yet raised its voice. But the attack on dreams by armies, or by abuse, failed only a few score years ago in France. We can not strike an idea with a sword, even if we lunge in the dark. Fallacy is invulnerable to every foe but wisdom, and wisdom does not grow impatient, malicious, or angry. The very rabidness of the hostility to Russia is the proof of its folly. If we are to be strong opponents of dangerous doctrines, we must be able to refute them quietly.

A Gentle Art

GENTLE and admirable, the art of minding one's own business, despite the Puritan exegesis of Cain's reply. We have been reading the report of a traveller in Burma, which says that a foreigner may go and settle down in a Burman village, live his own life, and follow out his own customs in freedom. No one will interfere with him, try to correct him, or insist that he ought to do differently, and that, if he does not do differently, he is an outcast either from civilization or from religion or from both. The people will accept him for what he is, and let the matter rest there. If he chooses to change his ways and conform to Burmese habits, well and good; but if not, well and good.

Alas, how many lovers of the humane life there must be who in their moments of despondency would fain seek a haven in Burma and rest there forever and forever! Weary of being uplifted and reformed, weary of peevish little Dogberries in public office, of impossibilist Socialists, evangelical preachers, policemen, and all the other agents of organized meddling in other people's affairs, the human spirit courts repose—slouchy, dissolute, unprincipled, delightful repose—among congenial souls, such as this traveller (may the Kingdom of Heaven be his!) reveals to us in Burma.

> O ubi campi
> Spercheiosque et virginibus bacchata Lacaenis
> Taygeta!

But short of Burma it will not be found, least of all in the United States. All signs point to an unprecedented preoccupation on the part of an influential minority of our people with the lives and habits of their fellows. We are all to be uplifted to a height undreamed of. The psychology of the prognosis is sound. During the war, the itch for meddling in and regulating other people's affairs was stimulated by the Government, all the citizenry who could possibly be corrupted being turned into a litter of sneaking spies. When the war was over the amiable instinct was at the height of its strength, and had to look about for other objects upon which to exercise itself. So it is the turn of tobacco, lingerie, literature, certain forms of dancing, plays, movies, music, and the like. The scandalous and ungodly, whoever they are, must be brought to perish in their vain imaginings, and none but the righteous, whoever they are, may have the preëminence.

Poor Huckleberry Finn! His brief experience of the uplift at the hands of the Widow Douglas was surely difficult enough to enlist the sympathy of his dear shade for those whose resolution to escape is more infirm than his. After all, he had youth on his side; it is the business of youth to rebel and of age to acquiesce. Lolling in the Elysian fields, blest in the companionship of those whose sins were perhaps many but at least human, we fancy he may look upon the composite and magnified Widow Douglas who seems to be in a fair way to shape our civilization, and be thankful that he was taken away from the evil to come. If we must be improved and uplifted and moralized above measure, if America must come to be what our friend E. S. Martin so well called "one vast, awful Kansas," we may, at least until thinking is forbidden, dwell upon Huck Finn and the Burmese and remember that the gentle art has had its exemplars.

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Germany as I Saw Her

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

THERE is something overwhelming in the spectacle of a great nation lying prostrate in utter collapse. Whether we regard Germany's present fate as a kind of divine punishment for overweening insolence, or think of her as a sturdy nation surrounded and ultimately crushed by jealous and grasping neighbors equally alarmed at her military power and her growing commercial success, there is occasion for what the poet called the tears of mortality in such a doom. For only ethical philosophers and the Charity Organization Society attempt to balance mercy precisely against deserts; and warm-blooded humanity suspects that kind of moral book-keeping as a chilly process.

Here was a nation proud of a long roll of achievements in science, learning, music, and other arts; proud of her industry, of her carefully organized life, and of the substantial comfort within reach of her lower middle and working classes; proud of her hereditary rulers and nobility, and deeply interested in their doings and relationships; above all, proud of the rapidly increasing might by sea and land which gave her a potent and sometimes a decisive voice in the destinies of the world. Within little over four years all has gone. The youths who would have carried forward science and art lie dead in thousands. Knowledge and literature have sunk almost to the level of trivialities. Manufacture and commerce have almost ceased. Life is disorganized from end to end. Comfort is gone, and squalid hunger takes its place. The rulers have gone, and none does them honor. The Kaiser himself, that enthusiastic amateur, always uncertain whether God had called him to lead his country as artist, theologian, commercial traveller, or Charlemagne *redivivus*—even the Kaiser, who seemed permanent and substantial as a star, has vanished, and with dishonor. Worse than all, the navy which was to have secured a future upon the water has surrendered bodily almost without a blow; and the army, which was the country's impenetrable shield, has broken in pieces and left her bare as a human carcass which vultures scuffle over.

It must be difficult for America to imagine so complete an overthrow, so violent a reversal of all hopes and ideals and habits. But we in England may imagine what we should feel if our fleet had been utterly destroyed, and we were blockaded on all sides, while German garrisons held our ports, and German officers dictated terms of absolute surrender in London. Let us imagine further that the blockade had been prolonged through four years with increasing severity, so that the bodily and mental powers of the population had been much reduced. Such is the position of Germany to-day. The loss of energy and health, especially among children, who must become the nation of the future, is more serious even than the loss of about two million men dead in their prime, or the loss of national wealth, beliefs, and self-confidence. For a long time past, the rations, even when they could be procured, have been insufficient to support life at full energy. In potatoes, bread, meat, and margarine (made from the bones of slaughtered beasts), they have been insufficient—"Too much for death, and not enough for life," as one of the leading physicians of Cologne told the City Council. There has been no milk for any one over three, and only half a pint a day for those babies. No butter, no lard, no oil, no cheese, and no fish. A few profiteers and other swindlers, feeding like ghouls upon the blood of their country, as in England and, I suppose, in America, have, to be sure, scraped fortunes out of the general ruin, and can afford the enormous prices charged in big restaurants, where an ordinary lunch without wine costs about fifty marks a head. The report of an investigation held by the British military authorities in our occupied area, and given me for publication, concludes:

> The occupied territory can receive sufficient food from the rest of Germany to enable the present rations to be distributed, but this supply allows no reserve, nor are the rations adequate for proper nourishment. As it is, infant mortality has greatly increased, and the population has been so weakened that working hours have to be reduced. The only reason that people are not much worse off is that they have ignored the food control regulations and have helped themselves by every possible means, mostly illegal—the rich by buying at high prices, chiefly through agents, and the middle class by going into the country and making bargains on the spot. The poor are suffering severely.

One need hardly say that the poor form the majority in Germany as in all civilized countries. The German people as a whole, then, are suffering the exhaustion that comes from insufficient food. I do not say they are suffering worse than other peoples. You cannot divert millions of men into the trade of killing one another, and millions of women into the trade of manufacturing weapons for the men to kill one another with, without at the same time reducing the general food supply of the world. I only say that Germany and all Central Europe are suffering. What is perhaps more permanently disastrous even than the food shortage is the stoppage of work owing to the blockade and the terms of the armistice forbidding export of goods across the frontiers of the occupied territories, which include many of the greatest industrial centres. Hunger and want of work—in these lies the chief cause of human misery, and the chief cause of human rebellion. Yet our statesmen seek to check the advance of human rebellion by enjoining more slaughter of rebels. No doubt they hope to increase the food supply by reducing the number of mouths.

The behavior of the English troops in the army of occupation, and, so far as I could see, the behavior of the American troops also, have been above praise. The English soldier has shown that stoical irony and imperturbable good nature which I have always found in our countrymen, especially in cockneys. The Americans have a certain open-heartedness which seems to endear them to the civil population—in some cases to endear them almost too much for the military regulations, and perhaps that was one of the reasons why the French troops were sent to occupy half the American semicircle of bridgehead across the Rhine from Coblenz. At Ems, for instance, I found Algerian Moors and other Africans, in occupation, speaking no European tongue, where American troops should properly have been. This may be due to the desire of the French to show themselves wherever they can, with a view to the final division of the spoils. For France, in addition to her many other great and attractive characteristics, possesses to a high degree the enviable qualities of thrift and foresight.

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The recent scares about a German resolve to renew the war are the mere concoctions of despicable passion—either of greed, or vengeance, or lust for profit. Germany has not the power either of will or of armament to renew the war. Her utmost resistance would be a refusal to sign the terms of peace, while saying to England, France, and America: "Very well, then; do your worst; enter the country as you please and treat us as you will. No ruin that you could inflict could be worse than terms like these." And indeed we have it now in our power easily to reduce the whole of Central Europe to a wilderness of ruins inhabited by skeletons and ghosts. So utterly overthrown and exhausted is the population that we could easily reduce the country again to its condition at the end of the Thirty Years' War. It is true, as even Mr. Winston Churchill pleads, that, if we are to get any good or recompense out of Germany, we ought not to bring her to destruction. At the Mansion House on February 19 he said, "You could not make a packhorse pay by starving him. If Germany is to pay, Germany must resume her economic life."

I suppose it is the usual spirit of revenge or commercial jealousy which keeps urging France to occupy the whole left bank of the Rhine with all its great German cities, as though to perpetuate the causes of war forever—and the same spirit again which is pouring contempt upon the newly-formed National Assembly at Weimar. For the most part, the correspondents, even of our Liberal papers, treat with nothing but derision the efforts of a ruined and prostrate people to recover from collapse, and to restore a state worthy of their name. Here we have the Majority Social Democrats moderating their programme in the hope of acting together with the so-called bourgeois Democrats, or Radicals. They are even willing to take the Centrum, or powerful Catholic party, into the Government, if only the German people can be kept united and existing. Even the discredited German People's party, the natural heirs of the old National Liberals, would be willing to combine in that cause. Of the elected parties, only the German National People's party, who are the relics of the old aristocracy and still retain a sort of faith in the divinity of monarchs—only they and the Independents, who turn a fond but furtive eye toward Spartacus, still stand aloof. Our statesmen, including President Wilson and even Mr. Lloyd George, used to proclaim to the enemy that, if only they would renounce the Kaiser and all his works, and revolutionize their form of government, much easier terms would be given them. The Kaiser has been renounced, with all his works. The government has been revolutionized. But the severity of the armistice terms has steadily increased, nor will the peace terms probably be less severe.

Under the present scheme before the Constituent Assembly, Germany possesses the most democratic constitution existing anywhere in the world. She has a wider franchise, a broader representation, and greater personal rights assured to her citizens. For a country so inured to overgovernment, so indifferent to individual freedom, and so long infected with the hereditary virus of implicit obedience, the extent of this advance is almost inconceivable. It is for us to say whether we shall tear up our promises like other scraps of paper, or allow a great and laborious people to resume its natural place in civilization upon fair and open lines. At the worst, let us remember that "when a wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive."

Mr. Masefield's Poetry

By O. W. FIRKINS

EXCLUSIVE of the verse-dramas and short pieces, the poetry of Mr. Masefield consists of narratives or descriptions taken from sea or peasant life in which the motives are sensational, the diction fearless, and the particulars realistic. He is the poet of the foam and the loam in the excitement of its upheaval by prow or plough.

His early "Salt-Water Ballads," few of which are really ballad-like, handled sea-life with a strange diverse emphasis on its savage and its dreamy aspects, and indicated a vigor still awaiting its release. The ensuing group, "Miscellaneous Poems," rather varied than fulfilled the promise. "Ships" and "Biography" were clusters of memories, bouquets of associations, gleaming incoherencies, impatient of a plan. The shorter poems, likewise, suffered from the want of a clasp which should bind their oftentimes pensive or delicate materials into the shining compactness of a clear-cut, self-centred lyric.

"The Everlasting Mercy" brought fruitions. In that vivid recital of a ruffian's transformation by religion, the blasphemies and ribaldries were irrelevant and extraneous; Mr. Masefield's mind was neither in nor on them, and they fell away from his personality as decisively as the flashy songs in the mad scene from Ophelia's. The squalors brightened in the process that destroyed them, like hovels glorified by conflagration. The feeling, above all, was strong and true, and its massiveness consorted aptly with the firm Roman causeway of the compact diction along which platoons of iambics resolutely marched. The conclusion was nectar to the stirred and palpitating reader. Was it much besides nectar to Saul Kane?

"The Widow in the Bye Street," agreeably to its name, was a neglected alley into which Mr. Masefield's fancy half-unwittingly drifted. The "Widow" is low; "The Everlasting Mercy" had been coarse but not low; we have "Jude the Obscure" after "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." A cheap melodrama cheaply cast, it includes no doubt a shabby heartbreak, but it lies among sodden levels over which miasma vaguely floats. An equal dankness in its carnality and its pathos recalls the fact that maudlin and Magdalen are historically the same word.

In "Dauber," a far simpler and quieter tale, the flag of "The Everlasting Mercy" floats again, but only at half-mast. Intensely subjective, amid all its show of ticketing and docketing realism, the poem touches us, even while we are repelled by its feasting on calamity. Tragedy itself must be served with condiments. Mr. Masefield, having at the cost of probability saved his sailor-painter's inexperience from death in terrifying ordeals, levies a second tax on probability by sending his proved expertness to an unseasonable and futile death.

"The Daffodil Fields" is another of those sinister recitals in which calamity is not only wolfish in its greed but feline in its playfulness. The dubious honor of originating its plot is referred by Mr. Masefield with politic magnanimity to a foot-note in Sir W. Mackenzie's "Travels in Iceland." For the prosody of the last three poems Mr. Masefield, who has a vagabond scholarship, went back to Chaucer's half forgotten seven-line stanza. Himself a gifted, though a slipshod, metrist, he understood the form, and was espe-

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cially attracted by the *swivel* in the rhyming fourth and fifth lines, on which the stanza poises and wheels in his expert hands with inspiriting flexibility.

The poems in the last three sections, "Sonnets," "Lollingdon Downs" (that cacophony was exploited in a title), and "Rosas," may be treated as one group. Narrative reappears in simplified metre and shortened form, invigorated in the "Wanderer" and the "River," debilitated in "Rosas." In the sonnets and elsewhere, the poet endeavors for the first time to think; but Mr. Masefield is a being with whom, as poet at least, thought declines to concern itself. His creed is mildly and inquiringly pantheistic, but he quite fails to bestow form or edge on a philosophy which, gracious enough in some aspects, seems to choose for its object the reduction of the universe to pulp. Reductions to pulp are rather in Mr. Masefield's own way. Even in the partly beautiful but over-lauded "August, 1914," war itself, at that crucial date, is treated almost like an historic memory, adding its distant smoke-wreath to the half-tints of a fading English sky. The point of view is undoubtedly poetical, but neither contemporary nor martial nor English. It is, in a word, a dreamer's point of view.

He has a dreamer's point of view. If I wanted to find a type for Mr. Masefield, I should call him a dreamer with the accident of knowledge and with parentheses of drastic objectivity. Before all else, he broods. I shall be confronted with "The Everlasting Mercy," but "The Everlasting Mercy" is my buckler. Saul Kane, the roysterer, broods unceasingly; he broods—of all imaginable places—in the prize ring. In the heart of his turbulence there is a hush—an attentive hush—as if a solitary prisoner listened, half curiously, half listlessly, to the uproar of brawlers on the other side of the partition. "Dauber" is all trance, and "The Daffodil Fields" might have been called "The Poppy Fields" without breach of the proprieties of metaphor.

Mr. Masefield's case, however, was a little unusual. Nature had whetted his senses, and fortune had diversified his activity, and a knowledge of which dreamers are rarely master was placed at the disposal of his moods and visions. But the knowledge is merely instrumental. At their clearest and sharpest, his facts are to his emotions what masts and spars in a sailing-vessel are to sails; they supply a fastening and a frame. In the matter of particulars, moreover, Mr. Masefield is rich without being well off. He will give you specifications in sheaves. That is precisely the trouble. Specifications in sheaves do not specify. With half his equipment, Tennyson would have been twice as informing.

Mr. Masefield's inner world is mostly of a piece; it has color, but no pattern. In his external world the pattern is extraordinarily varied and minute, but pattern in externalities for its own sake scarcely interests his mind. What, then, is his aim? It is to use this outward complication to impart a semblance of variety to the sameness of the dominant emotion, as a lattice or a coppice might give an effect of checker-work to the uniform moonlight filtering through its clefts. No work, accordingly, is at once so varied and so monotonous. A single emotion falls on a score of diverse and almost random externalities, like snow on steeples, houses, byres, and maples, transforming each for the time being into the receptacle and illustrator of its own quality. Observe the interfusion of Saul Kane's Gospel story with the morning landscape, an experience in which, by the strangest of encounters, Wesley and Shelley seem to meet. A like interchange is felt in "The Daffodil Fields"—mood suffusing landscape, landscape diagraming mood. "Dauber" is a simple air played on a harp whose strings are rigging.

So far there is no true objectivity. The external world is plastic to the subjective impulse. But we have not quite reached the end of the reckoning. Th-re are a few things in life which Mr. Masefield can truly externalize, a few fields in which the facts escape from the tyranny of his prepossessions. These are the loud and crude facts,—the profanities, ribaldries, vituperations, conflicts. These violences rouse Mr. Masefield from his self-absorption, and he values them as a slightly self-mistrustful dreamer might value an alarm-clock. The alarm-clock is, of course, that part of a man's outfit which penetrates the household, and Mr. Masefield's propensities in this kind unite the opposite distinctions of being at once the least typical and the most salient of his traits.

The resulting contrasts are peculiar. A small part of the man is antipodal to all the rest. He is spasmodically swift, but normally deliberate. At moments he is terse; his *method* is copious. He can notch or tooth his narration; his *impulse* is agglutinative. Momentarily, he is shrill; habitually, he is quiet. His amusement is energy; his business is contemplation.

What, finally, as to values and service? Mr. Masefield is a poet, because he has both a temperament and a voice. He is not a great poet, because both temperament and voice are undisciplined. The artistic conscience never helped or harried him (it helps only those whom it harries). He is peccant both in metre and in diction; in the last-named he falls into debilities which were trebly inexcusable in a man who insisted on sacrificing the comities and the decencies to power. The man who has replenished the fire by throwing in the family furniture is the last man whom we shall forgive for the drowsiness that lets the fire go out. On the other side, that of substance, the failings are also conspicuous. The temperament is rich—duskily rich, like the bronzed complexion of a Moor. But it is a stationary, an unevolving, temperament; it rises neither to intellectuality nor, speaking broadly, to characterization. Mr. Masefield has his hyacinthine moments, shy ardors, wistful and delicate appeals, but these are the exception. In major themes his affinities are few and commonly raw—frenzies, martyrdoms. atrocities. His stress on the malignity of destiny might affect us as bitter, if his preference for the eccentricities and whimsicalities of that malignity did not strike us as rather boyish than sinister. I have sometimes defined him to myself as a temperament groping for a character.

Summaries of defects are libellous, even when the items are all true; to mass is to magnify. Mr. Masefield, in spite of faults, has served his generation. He widened its poetry. His own poetry was narrow beyond question; but the narrow, when tactfully applied, may add breadth to that which is broader than itself. Poetry needed vigor, homeliness, and passion. This was Mr. Masefield's own ground, and he had the priceless advantage of not approaching it in the spirit of a theorist or a missionary,—the advantage, indeed, of not approaching it at all, since he was born n the premises. If he had nothing but temperament, the defect seemed excusable in a literary world so congested with persons who had everything but temperament. Last of all, he could transcend himself, and a world familiar with his usual limitations will not be slow to acknowledge or quick to forget the fine alertness with which his passion and his pathos obeyed the unique summons of "The Everlasting Mercy."

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The Soldier and the Land

By FREDERIC C. HOWE

THE recommendation of President Wilson in his address to Congress on December 2, that employment should be afforded returning soldiers in the reclamation of arid, swamp, and cut-over land for the purpose of bringing under cultivation some 300,000,000 acres of soil at present unproductive, justifies a review of the consequences of our land policies, and the condition of agriculture which has issued from the attempt to place unaided settlers on the land. It is significant in this connection to note that all the Anglo-Saxon nations, and Germany as well, have turned their attention to the land as a means of absorbing the returning soldiers. In all these countries exhaustive official inquiries have been made as to the best methods of placing the soldier on the land and of reawakening an interest in agriculture.

The distinguishing feature of our policy in the distribution of the public domain has been its wastefulness. We have been inspired by the desire to get our resources as quickly as possible into private hands, our assumption being that unregulated private ownership would bring about the best results. This has been the underlying motive of our homestead laws, our reclamation projects, our grants to the Pacific railways, and our methods of dealing with forests and mineral resources. The policy worked reasonably well in the early days. Men took only as much land as they could cultivate. The colonial farms of the Eastern States contained from thirty to sixty acres. It required two and a half centuries to fill up the territory east of the Mississippi. On the other hand, all the land of any value west of that river—a much larger area—passed into private ownership in about forty years' time. We gave it away to railways, land grabbers, and speculators; to promoters and monopolists of all kinds. This we did in the belief that this was the best way to develop the West and that the freest possible disposal of our resources would lead to the rapid development of the country.

Let us examine the results of this policy. According to the census returns of 1900, over 200,000,000 acres are now in holdings whose average size is 4,230 acres; they are owned by 47,276 persons. One-fourth the total farm acreage of the United States is owned by less than one per cent. of the population, though this land is by no means the best and most fertile in the country. These great estates were, for the most part, carved out of the 337,740,000 acres given as subsidies to railways and as means for the promotion of other internal improvements. Of this immense area, greater by far than the total area of France, between 129,000,000 and 150,000,000 acres were given to the Pacific railway systems as an aid to their construction.

Our timber land from one ocean to the other has also passed under monopoly control. According to the report of the Bureau of Corporations on the Lumber Industry, it appears that 1,694 persons and corporations own 105,600,000 acres of timber land. The report states that concentration has proceeded so far that 195 holders, who are again closely inter-related by corporate ownership, control practically one-half the privately owned timber covered by the investigation, which included eighty per cent. of the timber of the United States.

The good lands of the public domain were exhausted in the nineties. Land speculation followed, and agricultural land values shot up rapidly in consequence. In 1900 the farming land of the United States was valued at $13,000,000,000; by 1910 it had risen to $28,475,000,000. In ten years' time farming land increased in value 118 per cent., while the acreage under cultivation increased but four and eight-tenths per cent. During the same period the number of persons engaged in agriculture increased but eleven and two-tenths per cent. Fifty years ago land in the Middle West could be had for the asking. To-day the same land is held at from $50 to $300 an acre. Herein is the first barrier to the would-be farmer and the soldier. In a great part of the country the barrier is almost insuperable; for men cannot now buy land at the prices at which it is held, or hope to pay for it in their lifetime, or even to make a living and pay the interest upon the mortgages.

The free disposal of our public domain without reservation as to the size of individual holdings and with no insistence on continuing cultivation by the owner has resulted in land monopoly on one hand and land speculation on the other. Out of this tenancy has come. It has increased to such an extent that, in great parts of the West and South, farm tenancy is the prevailing type of agriculture. Farm tenancy increased by sixteen and three-tenths per cent. during the ten years from 1900 to 1910. In the latter year thirty-seven farmers out of 100 were tenants, there being 2,354,000 farms operated by others than owners. In Texas fifty-three per cent. of the farms are operated by tenants, while in some districts in the West and Southwest tenancy is nearly universal. The condition of tenant farmers in Texas and Oklahoma was exhaustively studied by the Commission on Industrial Relations and was found to be appalling. They were ignorant and indifferent to cultivation, and were living under conditions but little better than serfdom to the landlords, bankers, commission men, and marketing agencies of the nearby towns. Tenancy is another product of our wasteful land policy, for had our public lands been carefully guarded we might still have land in abundance for millions of families. Oklahoma was opened up to settlement a quarter of a century ago. As indicating the rapidity with which tenancy has progressed, it may be pointed out that there are 104,000 tenant families in Oklahoma, and that of the 95,000 farms operated by owners, eighty per cent. are mortgaged. Yet Oklahoma is one of the richest States in the Union. The high price of land, and the failure of the Government to protect the farmer, together with the inadequacy of our credit agencies, explain the fact that in the ten years before the war 900,000 persons left the United States to take up farms in Canada. They took with them millions of capital; they took their energy and their experience.

Our reclamation projects, upon which millions of dollars have been spent by the Government, have failed just as signally as the rest of our policy in creating a body of contented, prosperous, and farm-owning cultivators. Under the system of free distribution, reclamation holdings frequently pass into the hands of speculators and monopolists, rather than to *bona fide* settlers, and the speculators sell them out to would-be farmers on harsh terms which often cannot be met. The settlers have no capital left to provide

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themselves with machinery and tide them over a season. They lose their money; they lose hope; they throw up their holdings in despair after two or three years of effort. On one of the Government reclamation projects of the West, 580 out of 898 settlers abandoned their purchases, unable to meet their instalments. Forest settlements have met the same fate. In the Trinity National Forest in California, 340 homesteads have been taken up. Of this 252, or seventy-two per cent., have been abandoned, and the rest are leading a precarious existence. In the Florida National Forest there had been 496 entries made under various land settlement laws, representing a total area of 74,371 acres. A census taken in 1914 showed only 900 acres put under actual cultivation upon these claims, or an average of one and eight-tenths acres per claim for the entire number of claims.

Prof. Elwood Mead, of the University of California, who has made a careful study of agricultural conditions in this country, and who is thoroughly familiar with our land and reclamation policy in the West, speaks as follows of the results achieved by the unregulated disposal of our public lands:

> Only a small fraction of the public lands were transferred directly to cultivators. Nearly three-fourths were sold to speculators, or granted to corporations or States which in turn sold them to speculators. The result has been a costly, wasteful, migratory experiment. The nation has been exploited rather than developed. Great landed estates have been created and ruinously inflated land prices now prevail. The consequences of this careless, short-sighted, unsocial policy are coming home to roost. We are beginning to realize that the fortunes made in land speculation come mainly from the pockets of the poor; that our land policy is not creating an economic democracy, but the reverse.

One of the commonest of inquiries is why the immigrant does not go to the land. Why does he congregate in the cities and herd with his fellow countrymen in the industrial centres? The same inquiry is likely to be made as to the returning soldier who may refuse to take up again his former occupation as an agricultural worker, a tenant, or even a farm owner. Yet reports from men in the army indicate that large numbers of them are restless at the thought of returning to a clerkship, to the coal mines, to the steel mills or industrial employment. They have been hardened and inured to out-of-door life. They enjoy the greater freedom which is possible in the country if it can be secured under proper conditions.

Both Australia and Canada have been taking a census of the wishes of the returning soldiers. They distributed questionnaires to ascertain their economic inclinations. In Canada a parliamentary committee on the care of returned soldiers says that only a small percentage of the 12,000 men returned up to that time were willing to go to the land. Out of 346 soldiers who had returned to Alberta, an almost exclusively agricultural region, only six signified their willingness to take up farming, although a large number of the returned men had been farmers before they enlisted. Many who have been given land grants in Western Canada declined to accept their allotments. They returned to the cities. In America, as indicated before, there is no more free land to be distributed, and the only alternative before the soldier is to become an agricultural worker or a tenant, or, if an owner, to go back to the farm which may have gone to seed or been burdened with debt or mortgage while he was absent at the front.

It has always been a difficult thing to return men to the land after great wars. Either economic conditions or lack of companionship deter them from taking up their old occupations. It is not known how many men have been drawn from the country by conscription and by the high wages of industry. Certainly it runs into several hundred thousand. It may reach a million. And many of these men will not return to farming. Even before the war the drift to cities was most pronounced. In 1880, seventy and five-tenths persons out of every 100 lived in the country. In 1900 there were only fifty-nine and five-tenths. By 1910 the number had fallen to fifty-three and seven-tenths persons out of every 100. Between 1900 and 1910, urban population increased by approximately 12,000,000 and the country population by only 4,200,000. In 1900 the urban population of the United States was 31,609,000. Ten years later it had increased to 42,623,000, an increase of thirty-four and eight-tenths per cent. During the same period, the rural population increased from 44,384,000 to 49,348,000, an increase of only eleven and two-tenths per cent. From this it appears that the drift away from the country to the cities has been continuous for over twenty years. It has doubtless been greatly accelerated by the war.

The most astonishing thing about agriculture is that food production had been falling rapidly before the war, although there has been a substantial increase in many articles during the past three years. This is true of almost every staple product. We were producing less food in 1914 than we were fifteen years ago. This is true of all forms of live cattle, except dairy cows. Sheep, cattle and hogs have decreased by millions. The same thing is true of cereals. The per capita production in many lines of food has also either decreased or remained stationary. Production of all meats fell from 248.2 pounds per capita in 1899 to 219.6 pounds in 1915. During the same period the production of milk fell from 95.6 gallons to 75.5 gallons; of cereal, from 43.9 bushels to 40.2 bushels and of potatoes from 3.6 bushels to 3.5 bushels. This diminnution in production coincided with the introduction of farm machinery and the greatest advances in labor-saving devices in the whole history of farming.

The conditions described of farm desertion and falling food production were not confined to any section of the country. Farms were being abandoned, tenancy was increasing, and the farmer was finding it increasingly difficult to make a living over almost the whole of the United States. Added to other causes, the land was being exhausted, and its early fertility was passing. This was true of the wheat belt of the Middle West which was held to be capable of producing for a long period of time without fertilization.

These are some of the economic conditions to be taken into consideration in connection with reclamation of waste lands and the settlement of the returning soldier. We should face the fact that agriculture is decaying, not because men do not want to be farmers or even because they prefer city life, but because the economic foundations of agriculture have changed so radically and on the whole so much for the worse during the last fifty years that it has become difficult, often, in fact, impossible, for a man to go to the land and make a living, even under the most favorable conditions. Farm values are almost prohibitive. The individual farmer must do his own marketing. He produces for an unknown market and an unknown price. He is exploited by middlemen of all kinds, who fix the price of his wheat, cattle, and farm produce, and frequently fix it at a price so low that it does not repay the farmer the costs of production.

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The New United States

IV. Kansas in Reaction

ON the day of my arrival at Topeka the House of Representatives had before it a bill prohibiting smoking in public eating places. The "lady author" of the bill made an energetic speech in which she denounced the insufferable nuisance of tobacco smoke with meals. "I hate cigarettes worse than I do booze," she is said to have declared, using the elegant terminology of the Middle West. The episode, properly treated with ridicule by the press, was reminiscent of the days when freak legislation was widely regarded as a special prerogative of the radical Sunflower State. Yet Governor Allen insists that Kansas is conservative rather than radical, that in some important respects it is hardly to be called even progressive, and that the Legislature is more conservative than the people. I am inclined to think that Governor Allen is right, except that he might better have characterized Kansas as reactionary.

The Governor himself, on the other hand, is certainly not to be classed among the reactionaries, if, indeed, he ought properly to be reckoned a conservative. What is more, his career, far more varied than that of the average Kansan in public life, has been such as to give him a strong popular hold. In the days when there was a Progressive party, Henry J. Allen was a Progressive. He owned and edited the *Wichita Beacon*, an influential newspaper organ which gave him a platform from which to announce his political views. What was, and is, much more important, he was a close friend of William Allen White, the uncrowned king of Kansas politics. In 1917 Mr. Allen went to France, first as the representative of the Red Cross, and presently as a Y. M. C. A. worker; and he was still in France when White, who had immortalized his French experiences—for Kansans—in "the Martial Adventures of Henry and Me," championed him as the Republican candidate for Governor and did more than anyone else to insure his election. Those who do not like the Governor—he has no enemies, but only opponents—will tell you that it was all a skilfully played game; that Mr. Allen is a Methodist, which means the stanch support of the most numerous and powerful religious body in Kansas; that his going to France was a clever move designed to cement his popularity with "the boys"; and that he turned Republican only because he thought that the Republicans were about to win. Be that as it may, the fact remains that he is widely popular with all classes; that he has had a cosmopolitan experience of inestimable value, and that he is doing his best to get Kansas forward on progressive lines. If to these qualities be added an agreeable personality, a rare fund of human interest in people, and a gift of public speech quite out of the ordinary, it is clear enough that Mr. Allen might well have been the choice for Governor even without William Allen White to plead his cause. Whether or not he could have been nominated or elected if the Sage of Emporia had not supported him strongly, is another matter.

Governor Allen's victory was overwhelming. The Democrats were beaten all along the line; in the Legislature the party is in a hopeless minority. Their defeat was not wholly due to Governor Allen's personal popularity nor to the skill and energy with which his candidacy was pressed. It was due quite as much, perhaps even more, to the general political change which has taken place in the State. Most of the old Progressives have returned to the Republican fold; among leaders of national prominence, Victor Murdoch is the most conspicuous exception. The return of the Progressives was accompanied, notwithstanding their liberal past, by a virtual repudiation of the Wilson Administration and of the party which it nominally represents. Kansas is done with Mr. Wilson. It does not care any more for his fine phrases or his unctuous appeals to political altruism and international mindedness; and it distinctly repudiates some of the cardinal features of his policy and resents his attempts at dictatorship. The feeling of antagonism is less bitter than that with which Democrats in Kansas were regarded for a generation after the Civil War, because the provocation has been less vivid and the national existence has not seemed to be at stake; but it is deep and forcible, nevertheless. If Mr. Wilson or his party could ever have been said to have a firm hold on the Kansas electorate, the hold has been lost. It is doubtful if even William Allen White, whose pro-Wilson letters from Paris are hard reading for some of his Kansas admirers, could reinstate the Administration in favor even if he tried.

Herein lies in part the explanation of the reaction. Having coquetted with Progressivism and Wilsonian Democracy and found them wanting, Kansas now inclines to the other extreme. The State is agricultural, but there are some ominously dark streaks in its agricultural prosperity, and, aside from the guarantee of a high price for wheat, the farmers are not sure but that they have prospered in spite of, rather than because of, anything that the Administration has done. Mr. Wilson's sops to organized labor are not of great significance in a State which has no important manufactures, and in which labor organizations play no imporant part; and there appears to be more sentiment in favor of a return of the railways to private hands, although with the continuance of some governmental supervision, than for Government ownership or control. The labor problem, as Kansas sees it, has to do mainly with the farms, and such plans for the demobilization and placing of the soldiers as the Federal Government has thus far put into operation do not arouse either enthusiasm or hopefulness. As for the international situation, one detects the feeling that Mr. Wilson ought to bring back from Paris something more tangible than a set of resolutions, and that if indemnities of various sorts for the cost of the war are to be collected, the United States ought to share in them. One gathers the impression that, were Mr. Wilson and M. Clemenceau to expound their respective theories of a proper peace settlement to a representative Kansas audience, it would be the latter who would receive the greater applause.

So far as national politics go, there is reason to fear that the Republicans, should they happen to fall under the control of the reactionary forces which are striving to master them, would not appeal in vain to Kansas for support. No one cares to talk much about specific issues, and it is realized that new issues arising out of the war and reconstruction must be seized and formulated if the Republican party is to maintain its lead and capture the Presidency in 1920; but the trend is reactionary. What the Kansas temper is likely to be regarding national issues is best illustrated by

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its attitude toward its own domestic problems. The inaugural address of Governor Allen, on January 13, together with his message to the Legislature, reveals an internal situation which, one would suppose, must cause the people of the State to think soberly and prompt the Legislature to thorough-going remedial action; but if there is reason for believing that the people are more than mildly concerned, or that the Legislature will offer anything much better than palliatives, the proofs are hardly apparent.

The crux of the economic situation is in the fact that the land of Kansas is passing out of the hands of those who cultivate it. According to Governor Allen, nearly half of the farms of Kansas are to-day worked by tenants. In 1880, 83.7 per cent. of the farms were operated by their owners; in 1910 the proportion had fallen to 63.2 per cent., and the decline still goes on. Moreover, while the increase in tenant farming is twice as great in the eastern half of the State as in the western, the retrograde movement is spreading everywhere in the west, and in the State as a whole is going on more rapidly than ever. The famous Scully estate, with holdings of upwards of 60,000 acres in Kansas alone, is only the most conspicuous illustration of a change which is putting the land of the State into the hands of landlords and speculators, and committing the interests of agriculture to "floaters" and unprogressive farmers. With average rentals of $500 a quarter section, in addition to taxes, and with the whole cost of improvements thrown upon the tenant, half of the farmers of the State present the visual phenomena of scanty profits, unenlightened methods, deterioration or actual destruction of movable improvements, and a constantly shifting tenantry.

Secretary Lane's proposal to meet the needs of returning soldiers by placing public lands at their disposal on easy terms makes no appeal to Kansas, for the reason, as Governor Allen points out, there are no public lands in Kansas. The suggestion that land be made available through irrigation projects is equally beside the mark so far as Kansas is concerned. "Kansas," the Governor declares, "has played with the subject of irrigation." The only hope for the soldier who wants land in Kansas lies in a redistribution of land now privately held, and to such redistribution the large speculative holdings present a serious obstacle. The greatest obstacle, however, is the State Constitution—the same antiquated instrument with which Kansas entered the Union in 1861—which forbids any classification of property for purposes of taxation. Governor Allen has gone straight to the heart of the matter and urged the summoning of a constitutional convention to give the State a modern fundamental law. He is supported in this by both United States Senators, most of the Representatives, and a long list of prominent Republicans. But the land speculators are powerful, there is a nervous fear of Bolshevism, and those who own their farms are little concerned over those who do not. There will be no constitutional convention. The most that is to be hoped for is the submission of an amendment to an already patchwork structure.

Under these circumstances the practical remedies suggested by Governor Allen and others—the exemption from taxation of improvements on land farmed by owners, a progressive land tax with a special levy on absentees, the exemption of mortgages from taxation, and the classification of property for taxing purposes—seem destined to lie in abeyance until such time as the people rouse themselves and put away their fears. A system of taxation which "places in one tax category all kinds of property from lands and buildings to razor strops" is the one under which, apparently, Kansas still prefers to live. For the same constitutional reasons Kansas cannot have an income tax or remodel its defective and very expensive county government; and it cannot have good roads because the Constitution forbids State aid to internal improvements. One has no difficulty in understanding why, with evils of such magnitude everywhere apparent, and with the likelihood of energetic demands for reform when the demobilized soldiers return, Governor Allen should have made the demand for constitutional revision the keynote of his policy. The action stamps him as a progressive, and for the reform, when it comes, history will give him due credit; he will probably get the submission of constitutional amendments embodying some of the reforms which he desires, effective two or three years hence; but neither the people nor the Legislature, as a whole, appear to be with him in his demand for a convention, and many who admit the force of his criticisms are afraid to open wide the gates of Constitution-making, lest the dreaded evils of radicalism, Socialism, or Bolshevism should enter and possess the house.

The political and social reaction has other deeply significant illustrations. The same misguided zeal which forced citizens to subscribe to Liberty Bonds or upheld the use of drastic methods to suppress disloyalty now vents itself in bitter and relentless criticism of Secretary Baker for his eleventh-hour leniency towards the conscientious objectors, and in a formal note of censure by the House. It would be hard to exaggerate the virulence of the denunciation and personal abuse which some of the leading newspapers of Kansas and Kansas City have poured upon the Secretary of War in this connection. An open attack upon one of the oldest and ablest professors in the State University, who, being an anti-militarist, ventured to criticise Mr. Roosevelt's militaristic views, is indicative of a disquieting disposition to "clean out" dissenters wherever they are found. In Kansas, as elsewhere, the war has gendered intolerance—a process all the easier in this case because the prevailing public opinion of the State, however much it may have changed from decade to decade, has always been assertive and downright, positive in its affirmations, impatient of dissent, and withal well-satisfied.

There are, to be sure, hopeful influences at work. The returning soldiers, whether originally from Kansas or not, are not likely to be content with political or economic conditions which deny them opportunity. The Nonpartisan League, rapidly extending its organization in the State, is almost certain to be a political factor of great importance in 1920, and in any case is already an irritating thorn in the flesh of the reactionary Republicans. The personal popularity of Governor Allen means leadership along progressive rather than conservative lines; and William Allen White, it will be remembered, was once a Progressive. Yet it is not clear that Kansas, so long as it holds to its present point of view, can count as a positive force in the period of reconstruction upon which the country is entering. It may part company with the Wilson régime, and prefer loaves and fishes to loftier satisfactions; this is its privilege, if it so chooses; but it cannot emancipate itself from the necessity of setting its own house in order, of facing change with generous courage, and of taking a cosmopolitan rather than a parochial point of view.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

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Foreign Correspondence

I. The Conference at Berne

Berne, February 8

WILL the opinions of the Berne Conference have any effect upon the slower-going peace conference in Paris? If they do penetrate, it will be, first, because of Berne's approval of the principles of the League of Nations, and insistence that it shall be democratically organized; and secondly, because of the labor charter drawn up by the Conference. In this the conservative character of this conference has made itself clear. There is nothing in the labor charter to startle anyone familiar with the trend of social and labor legislation in England and America. The Conference has not come out for a six-hour day as have American Socialists and so distinguished a British employer of labor as Lord Leverhulme, but specifies a forty-eight hour week as a maximum. Yet at this time thousands upon thousands of Englishmen are striking for forty-two and forty-hour weeks, and many are even demanding that their week be limited to thirty-six hours in every six days. The forbidding of all night work to women will offend those only who are without humanitarian impulse.

The Conference would hardly have been true to itself had it not passed the following clause in its labor charter:

> The workers shall have the right of free combination and association in all countries. Laws and decrees (domestic service laws, prohibition of coalition, etc.), which place certain classes of workers in an exceptional position in relation to other workers, or which deprive them of the right of combination and association and of the representation of their economic interests, shall be repealed. Emigrant workers shall enjoy the same rights as the workers of the country into which they are immigrants, as regards joining and taking part in the work of the trade unions, including the right to strike.

On the question of the movement of labor the Conference has shown itself wiser and more liberal than our American Federation of Labor under the intolerable Gompers leadership, for it has voted that "emigration shall not be prohibited" and that "immigration shall not be prohibited in a general way." The latter clause, it is immediately stated, is not intended to prevent a nation's temporarily forbidding immigration or controlling it in the interest of health or by means of educational tests. But it is a refreshingly timely utterance just as this moment, when the British Government is reported to be drafting legislation for the permanent exclusion of Germans and Austrians.

The resolution drafted by the Conference in approval of a league of nations calls for the creation of an international court and wisely demands that the league shall at once abolish all armaments and standing armies and insist upon absolute free trade, free access to all countries, and the international control of all world-thoroughfares.

A resolution for the prompt release and return of prisoners of war caused some commotion, as it was in part unfortunately worded, and was introduced in a tactless speech by Herr Wels. But it gave opportunity for what was indubitably the most striking and dramatic speech of the Conference, that by Kurt Eisner. If this speech could be widely circulated in the United States and Great Britain and France it would have admirable effect, for Herr Eisner began with the frankest avowal of German guilt. He said that the resolution as worded called for "protests against the retention of the German and Austrian prisoners," but that he could not protest. If he should essay to protest there would rise before him the memory of what the Germans had done in France and Belgium. How could a German protest against the proposals to retain the German prisoners and to compel their help in the rebuilding of devastated districts, when the Germans themselves had dragged French and Belgian men and women and young girls to enforced labor far from their homes? Germans were now free to say these things and so he wanted to say them, and to add (with a glance at Herr Wels) that it did not change the nature of a Prussian to get on a train and ride from Berlin to the city of Weimar. At the same time he was willing to appeal for clemency to the German prisoners because, having been in prison himself only lately, he knew how terrible were those last days of waiting before release. Moreover, he had himself worked in the prison camps about Munich and could from his own knowledge testify to the terrible conditions there. He graphically described the scenes he had witnessed while helping the prisoners during the dreadful influenza epidemic, saying that although he had known what it was to face hostile barricades, nothing in his whole experience was so horrible as what he had seen there. He was glad to say that when the end came he did everything in his power to cut red-tape and to expedite the return of the men to France. As for enforced labor, he said that if France needed additional labor he would favor the voluntary recruiting of German laborers. He stood ready to sign an appeal to them and to German architects, builders, and designers, if they would be acceptable, to build up where Germans had so wickedly destroyed. Naturally the audience listened in amazed silence, the German Majority Socialists and German correspondents downcast at what was not only a stimulating truth from a German source, but a very brave act, for Herr Eisner's fate hangs in the balance and there is already threat of a strike of officials against him.*

The interchange of opinion on Bolshevism was followed with particular interest by the Young Germans in the audience, and was another test of the radical tendency of the Conference. Naturally there was a great difference of view, Branting of Sweden, the presiding officer, is violently anti-Bolshevist. Ramsay MacDonald stated the position of the Internationale on this matter with great force and real eloquence, but even he had to end in compromise. The debate showed that the feeling ran strongly against the Bolsheviki and that even those who did not form a clear-cut expression of disapproval held back only because they felt that the Bolsheviki should not be judged when they were not there to defend themselves. Frederick Adler was the most favorable to the Bolsheviki. Even a Gompers must have been satisfied with Arthur Henderson's bitter attack upon them, while the veteran Kautzky, with his gentle voice and modest bearing, took much the same position as had Ramsay MacDonald.

Perhaps the most serious criticism of the Conference is that it has given no clarion call to the younger generation. At the next meeting, when the smoke of battle is cleared away, there will probably be a more vigorous note.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

* This brave speech was delivered only a fortnight before President Eisner's assassination.

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II. A British Labor Leader

London, February 13

THE recent outbreak of several unauthorized strikes has evoked, from unexpected quarters, enthusiastic and unsolicited testimonials to the high quality of the trade union officials. If the workers, instead of giving way to angry passion or letting themselves be seduced by Bolshevist agitators in the pay of Germany, would only take heed to the wise and statesmanlike counsels of their duly appointed leaders, how much better it would be for them and for all of us! The sincerity of this suddenly-awakened concern for the authority of the trade unions is likely to be put to an early test. Within the next few days the Government will be compelled to decide upon a policy with regard to the claims of three of the most powerful and most efficiently organized unions in the country—the Miners' Federation, the National Union of Railwaymen, and the Transport Workers' Federation. Each of these three has recently elaborated a national programme of a radical character. What makes the situation more serious is the fact that these organizations—the miners with 600,000 members, the railwaymen with 400,000, and the transport workers with 250,000—are now united in a Triple Industrial Alliance, which is pledged in certain eventualities to act as one body. Should such common action take the form of a strike, the whole industry of the nation would be brought at once to a standstill.

The President of the Triple Industrial Alliance is a Scottish miner, named Robert Smillie. It might have been supposed that the career of the holder of such a position would be important enough to deserve attention outside the labor world. But turn to the current *Who's Who:*

> Smillie, Robert, President of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain; President, Scottish Miners' Federation since 1894. Address: 29 Miller Street, Larkhall, Scotland.

That is all. There is not even mention, you will notice, of his Presidency of the Alliance, although he was elected to that office four years ago. If Mr. Smillie had been an M. V. O. or an O. B. E., the editors of our works of reference would doubtless have thought it worth while to provide a complete and up-to-date biographical notice of him.

But, of course, the explanation might be that Robert Smillie was a mere figurehead—a sort of registrar of the decisions of the union, and its official spokesman in communicating them to the outside world. In reality, he is infinitely more than that. His personal influence not only on the miners but on British labor in general is far greater than that of many leaders whose names are constantly in the papers. A remarkable tribute to him has lately been paid by the Rt. Hon. C. F. G. Masterman, a member of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet.

> At the centre, controlling the gigantic machine, they possess one of the ablest men in Britain and certainly one of the half dozen most powerful. Mr. Robert Smillie is an able negotiator. He knows what he wants. He knows pretty well what he can get. He never speaks or acts for sensation. He has an iron resolution. He cannot be "spoofed" by agreements which mean different things to the two parties, or which can be open to subsequent misunderstanding.

Robert Smillie was one of the labor leaders whom Lloyd George attacked by name in his sensational Old Kent Road speech on the eve of the polling. But everybody knows that, not long before, Mr. Smillie's assailant was bitterly disappointed because he could not prevail upon him to accept office in his own Cabinet. And there can be no doubt that the capture of Robert Smillie by the Government would have been worth more than the acquisition of the whole bunch of labor leaders that were induced to tie themselves to it.

If anyone in the United Kingdom is a "producer by brain" it is Robert Smillie, as Mr. Masterman's account of him sufficiently indicates. But he knows well enough what it is to be a "producer by hand." In his early days he had personal experience of the hard life of the Scottish miner.

It is small wonder that—as he testified at a Friends' Conference in October, 1916, at which he was an invited speaker—he grew up with "a most bitter personal feeling" against the capitalist class and the individual capitalist.

> I believed that all the evils that our people suffered from could be laid at the door of the employing classes, and I could not distinguish at the time between the individual employer and the system. But I have got beyond that now, and do not hold individual employers responsible for the system, but the system I hold to be responsible for actions which I have felt to be wrong, actions on the part of individual employers.

"I have got beyond that now"—so it is no reckless and revengeful preacher of a class war that to-day dominates the councils of the Triple Industrial Alliance. We shall never see Robert Smillie behind a barricade, or urging his fellow-miners to adopt violent methods for the redress of the grievances. But when he declares that the "system" must be changed, it is clear that the reforms he is working for will be revolutionary in character, however peaceful the means by which they are to be brought about. In the address quoted above, he spoke of improved housing, higher wages, and shorter hours as "merely palliatives." The defect of "the system of competition" is that "it does not give the workers in any industry a real desire to do their best." And the improvement Mr. Smillie is looking for is not to be obtained by the efforts of the workers alone, but "from a combination of the best, that is to say from the men and women of the middle classes, the educated classes, joining with the workers." He has all the more faith in the future of the movement because he knows "that thousands of educated people feel as Ruskin, Morris, and such men felt, that the present system is wrong." In reply to a question put at the close of his address, Robert Smillie declared himself as opposed to the strike if it could be avoided. But he believed that it ought to be kept as a last resort, for his experience had been that the employers never would come together to meet the representatives of the workers unless the workers were in a position to strike, and he therefore thought that, if the workers even now gave up their organization and their power at any time to strike work should the necessity arise, all the gains of the past would in a very short time be lost. But, in nine cases out of ten, if employers and men would meet together and discuss, freely and fully, the grievances that might arise, things would be settled without the necessity of a strike.

On the question of the war, Robert Smillie has taken an intermediate position. He made no recruiting speeches, and was a member of no recruiting committees. On the other hand, he neither said nor did anything that could be considered "prejudicial to recruiting," and when his two sons wished to enlist he gave his consent but put no pressure upon them either way. He has expressed the opinion that nothing can prevent war in the future so long as the present system of capitalism continues. He believes that

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capitalism was at the bottom of practically every war of the last hundred years, and that to a very great extent the war now ending was a war of capitalists more than anything else, having as its objects the exploitation of wealthy mineral and oil fields. He told the Friends' Conference:

I am an internationalist absolutely, and if I could get my way I would, at the end of the war, as President of the National Miners' Federation, call a conference of the miners of every country in Europe. I have not hatred at all for the miners of Germany. My sympathy goes out to German mothers; mothers are alike all over the world.

As an internationalist, he is in favor of free trade, and is against "the efforts which are being put forth for the purpose of establishing protection in this country, often under the guise of keeping the Germans out."

It is significant that when, shortly after the introduction of conscription, there was formed a National Council for Civil Liberties, with Dr. Clifford, J. A. Hobson, H. W. Massingham, and other well-known public men as its Vice-Presidents, Robert Smillie accepted election as its first President. He never hesitated to take a stand against the successive infractions of the traditional rights of the British citizen. Some time ago, an order was issued forbidding Bertrand Russell from entering certain "prohibited areas"—among them the city of Glasgow, where he was already advertised to deliver a lecture. The engagement, of course, had to be called off, but a crowded meeting was held to protest against the action of the authorities. One of the speakers was Robert Smillie, who proceeded, contrary to custom, to read his address. The style of it, too, was very different from what was expected of him, and the surprise of the audience steadily grew until, at the close, he quietly remarked: "That, ladies and gentlemen, is what Mr. Russell would have said if he had been permitted to be present here to-night." And nobody dared attempt to punish him for so dramatically turning the tables upon the enemies of free speech.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

III. With Wilson Away

Paris, February 27

WITH Wilson three thousand miles away, irredentism blossoms and burgeons. The Poles and the Czecho-Slovaks can be counted the worst offenders. "Give us the coal mines in dispute (in Silesia and Hungary) and we'll take care of the population," grimly said one of the Czecho-Slovak delegates in Berne. The Poles still envisage a Polish Empire, with some 48,000,000 inhabitants, in which they appear to have the backing of the French Government. A reactionary and militarized Poland as a substitute for Czarist Russia and a counterweight to Germany is the best exit from an impasse that French statesmanship can devise. Therefore we have the recognition by the Conference of a Poland that is murdering its Jews and annexing Ruthenian Galicia, with speeches by the ex-pianist, now politician virtuoso.

Professor Valdemar, who represents the Lithuanians here, vehemently asserts that Lithuania, with the great majority of its inhabitants Lithuanian, wants to remain Lithuanian with its own democratic government which is, indeed, already functioning. On the other hand, at the Polish embassy they calmly inform me that Lithuania is mostly Polish and that Lithuanians practically do not exist. The Polish representative saw nothing sinister in cutting off East Prussia from West Prussia by a strip of irredentist Poland running up to Dantzig (Dantzig being predominantly German. Eastern Galicia, despite the universally admitted figures of eighty per cent. Ruthenes and twelve per cent. Jews, nevertheless must belong to Poland, according to the Polish representative. "Unfortunately," he admitted, "the Poles are not as yet in possession of Ruthenia, because of the strange and bloodthirsty obstinacy of the Ruthenes in protecting their own." He stated that pogroms were only of the most isolated and infrequent character. I did not tell him that I had spoken with eye-witnesses, Jewish men just arrived from Poland, who described the actual pogroms and the terrorism that had been practiced during the recent elections, which gave the Jews—with a population entitling them to seventy-nine representatives—an actual representation of fifteen. I think Europe will rue the day that it allowed this vast amorphous mass of Poland to coagulate into rank imperialism.

The Lithuanians, at least, are giving the Jews a square deal. There is a Ministry of Jewish Affairs headed by the Jewish M. Vigotsky. The Lithuanians, being Protestants, also have religious persecutions to fear from the Poles. Professor Valdemar maintained that the terms of the new Armistice which required the Germans to withdraw from Lithuania and part of Posen, would play into the hands of the Bolsheviki who are already in Vilna, the Lithuanian capital. The Germans, withdrawing, would leave arms for the Bolsheviki who could occupy the whole country with impunity. Valdemar has made an appeal to Foch in this connection, with what chance of being listened to, one may easily imagine.

Most unfortunately the Poles, who have the personal charm of all oppressing races, have captured the American officials who have been visiting in Poland. Of the injustice and tribulations to which alien races are subjected, these Americans were shown but little. Above all, they have been captured by the idea that Poland and the reactionary virtuoso government can prove a bulwark against the hoodoo of Bolshevism: the old delusion that you can defend yourself against one bad thing by use of something equally wicked.

I do not know how America feels about accepting a mandate for Armenia, and possibly Turkey. The question finds serious consideration over here. English sentiment is for it. The Armenians, if they cannot get real independence, may consider it a refuge from something less desirable. The Armenians are now, owing to the massacres and deportations, a minority race in Turkish Armenia. It is alleged that they could not control the Turks and the Kurds and other non-Armenian elements. Foreign help would be necessary. The French would like Asia Minor. But in case of a choice it appears that the Armenians would probably prefer distant America. The mandate might be limited to twenty-five years. Should we ever get out if we invested there some $500,000,000? The people of America will have to make up their minds. They will be told by interested parties that they have not the right to withdraw from their international responsibilities. To which they may retort: "Why not let the League of Nations run Asia Minor? You have created a League. Let it be its own mandatory and become a reality by having a part to play. You have given your League a mouth full of fine phrases. For heaven's sake, put teeth into its jaws."

HENRY G. ALSBERG

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The Exposed Mummy*

By LEONORA SPEYER

Ripped from the comfort of his painted coffin
And his priest's wrappings—
That guard his soul from harm—
He lies in shrivelled nakedness under a slab of glass:
Poor holy man!

And with black-crusted skinny hands
He pulls his crumbling linen up his loins
In sombre modesty.

Not all the long three thousand years of sun-gold Thebes,
The molten closeness of his sacred tomb,
Have shrunk and withered him
As this slow, idle fire of ribald eyes
Day after day!

*The Exposed Mummy in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

In the Driftway

SOME thirty years ago, when the Drifter was a very small boy his Mother took him for a walk. They passed a house where all the windows had been smashed. It impressed the child as something wicked and he asked why this had been done. His Mother explained that a group of Socialists had held a meeting in this building the night before. Socialists were bad people who hated the King. The angry populace had risen in its wrath; it had stormed the house, had broken the windows and had driven the Socialists ignominously into a hasty and disordered exile. Since then many things have changed. The terrible Socialists are ruling the country. They are peaceful people—their wives are rather dowdy—their policies eminently respectable. Now when Sunday comes the Drifter takes his little boy for a walk and shows him the high walls of a penitentiary. His son says, "Father, what is that building for?" "That is where they keep Socialists," and the boy says, "What are Socialists?" "Socialists are bad people who hate capital." So it goes and thirty years from now, Wing Tong-Foo, a citizen of China, will take his small boy to walk by the banks of the Yangtze river and they will see a house with broken windows and little Wing Tong-Foo will ask: "What has the house done that it should be punished?" and the Father will say "Oh son of mine there was a gathering there last night of some of these terrible new criminals, called Socialists." . . . And so on ad infinitum.

* * * * *

THE Drifter stood aghast. His friend, the arch-agnostic, was reading a Bible. "Tell me," the Drifter asked, "is it the war or are you ill or have you seen the error of your ways?" "Nothing of the sort," the answer came. "I need Genesis for my prospectus," and settling down in his chair he told me. "You see," he explained, "when the Lord decided to destroy the old wicked world, he told Noah to build a big ship and save two specimens of each species for posterity. That is why you and I are here. We are about to have another deluge. A flood of Republics and Bolshevik house parties and Soviet assemblies and gigantic democracies will destroy the old social fabric. We have had kings and rulers for some fifty centuries. They are an interesting phenomenon. Our children should know about them. I am interested in science and this is what I intend to do: I shall take the first ship for Europe. I shall ask the Dutch Government for the Kaiser . . . or no, for the Crown Prince and his wife. They are younger and will gladly change Wieringen for Staten Island. Then I shall go to Russia. I know a waiter who employed Trotzky as his busboy. He has promised me a letter of introduction to the Russian dictator and I shall easily get hold of one of the surviving Grand Dukes if there are any. Then I shall corral a couple each of dukes, princes, serene highnesses, apostolic majesties, Dutch jonkheers, Swedish barons, and Spanish grandees. I shall buy a vast tract of land on Staten Island and build nice, comfortable little bungalows. I shall assure all my charges a decent living wage. It will be the most wonderful historical and biological experiment ever made, and five centuries from now scientists from all over the world will gather around my settlement to study the most astounding prehistoric survival ever seen. And now let me read you something from Genesis—'And it happened that a great'" . . . but the Drifter fled.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is beginning to have misgivings concerning the ability of our Government to deal with the underground Bolshevist propaganda. The strikes of workingmen, the fraternizing of American soldiers with Germans, the riots among military prisoners, and the activities of the picketing suffragists are obvious manifestations of the hated Bolshevist infection which is permeating our social and economic fabric. But what about more insidious methods? The other day the Drifter's typewriter went on strike—five letters absolutely refused to work. It was a case of the most flagrant slackerism,—of I. W. W.-ism. Thinking that the trouble might be an oilless condition—and realizing that malnutrition has been the cause of much upheaval—he accordingly oiled it. Then he touched the keys, but they continued to refuse to work. He tried patting them and tapping them and coaxing them, and then in desperation, he banged them, but they would not work. Such effrontery, such giving of comfort to the enemy, with the peace treaty not even signed! The repair man of the typewriter company was called and dissected the machine. After he left not only did the five keys refuse to work, but three others joined the strike. What but Bolshevism could be responsible? This is certainly a matter for Senatorial investigation. The Drifter has suffered enough at the hands of a misspelling typewriter, and misspelling is a form sabotage and bad enough; but if his portable is turned Bolshevist, what hope is there for the Driftway?

Contributors to This Issue

HENRY W. NEVINSON, one of the ablest among liberal British journalists, reports in this issue his first-hand observations in Germany following the armistice.

FREDERIC C. HOWE, commissioner of immigration of the Port of New York, is a well-known writer on economic and municipal topics.

ROBERT C. BENCHLEY is a New York journalist.

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The Making of a Red

By ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

YOU couldn't have asked for anyone more regular than Peters. He was an eminently safe citizen. Although not rich himself, he never chafed under the realization that there were others who possessed great wealth. In fact, the thought gave him rather a comfortable feeling. Furthermore, he was one of the charter members of the War. Long before President Wilson saw the light, Peters was advocating the abolition of German from the public-school curriculum. There was, therefore, absolutely nothing in his record which would in the slightest degree alter the true blue of a patriotic litmus. And he considered himself a liberal when he admitted that there might be something in this man Gompers, after all. That is how safe he was.

But one night he made a slip. It was ever so tiny a slip, but in comparison with it De Maupassant's famous piece of string was barren of consequences. Shortly before the United States entered the war Peters made a speech at a meeting of the Civic League in his home town. His subject was: "Inter-Urban Highways: Their Development in the Past and Their Possibilities for the Future." So far 100 per cent. American. But, in the course of his talk, he happened to mention the fact that War, as an institution, has almost always had an injurious effect on public improvements of all kinds. In fact (and note this well; the Government's sleuth in the audience did) he said that, all other things being equal, if he were given his choice of War or Peace in the abstract, he would choose Peace as a condition under which to live. Then he went on to discuss the comparative values of macadam and wood blocks for paving.

In the audience was a civilian representative of the Military Intelligence service. He had had a premonition that some sort of attempt was going to be made at this meeting of the Civic League to discredit the war and America's imminent participation therein. And he was not disappointed (no Military Intelligence sleuth ever is), for in the remark of Peters, derogatory to War as an institution, his sharp ear detected the accent of the Wilhelmstrasse.

Time went by. The United States entered the war, and Peters bought Liberty Bonds. He didn't join the army, it is true, but, then, neither did James M. Beck, and it is an open secret that Mr. Beck was for the war. Peters did what a few slangy persons called "his bit," and not without a certain amount of pride. But he did not hear the slow, grinding noise from that district in which are located the mills of the gods. He did not even know that there was an investigation going on in Washington to determine the uses to which German propaganda money had been put. That is, he didn't know it until he opened his newspaper one morning and, with that uncanny precipitation with which a man's eye lights on his own name, discovered that he had been mentioned in the dispatches. At first he thought that it might be an honor list of Liberty Bond holders, but a glance at the headline chilled that young hope in his breast. It read as follows:

PRO-GERMAN LIST BARED BY ARMY SLEUTH

Prominent Obstructionists Named at Senate Probe

And then came the list. Peters's eye ran instinctively down to the place where, in what seemed to him to be 24-point Gothic caps, was blazoned the name "Horace W. Peters, Pacifist Lecturer, Matriculated at Germantown (Pa.) Military School." Above his name was that of Emma Goldman, "Anarchist." Below came that of Fritz von Papen, "agent of the Imperial German Government in America," and Jeremiah O'Leary, "Irish and Pro-German Agitator."

Peters was stunned. He telegraphed to his Senator at Washington and demanded that the outrageous libel be retracted. He telegraphed to the Military Intelligence office and demanded to know who was the slanderer who had traduced him, and who in h—l this Captain Whatsisname was who had submitted the report. He telegraphed to Secretary Baker and he cabled to the President. And he was informed, by return stage-coach, that his telegrams had been received and would be brought to the attention of the addressees at the earliest possible moment.

Then he went out to look up some of his friends, to explain that there had been a terrible mistake somewhere. But he was coolly received. No one could afford to be seen talking with him after what had happened. His partner merely said: "Bad business, Horace. Bad business!" The elevator starter pointed him out to a subordinate, and Peters heard him explain: "That's Peters, Horace W. Peters. Did'je see his name in the papers this morning with them other German spies?" At the club little groups of his friends dissolved awkwardly when they saw him approaching, and, after distant nods, disappeared in an aimless manner. After all, you could hardly blame them.

The next morning the *Tribune* had a double-leaded editorial entitled "Oatmeal," in which it was stated that the disclosures in Washington were revealing the most insidious of all kinds of German propaganda—that disseminated by supposedly respectable American citizens. "It is not a tangible propaganda. It is an emotional propaganda. To the unwary it may resemble real-estate news, or perhaps a patriotic song, but it is the pap of Prussianism. As an example, we need go no further than Horace W. Peters. Mr. Peters's hobby was inter-urban highways. A very pretty hobby, Mr. Peters, but it won't do. It won't do." The *Times* ran an editorial saying, somewhere in the midst of a solid slab of type, that no doubt it would soon be found that Mr. Peters nourished Bolshevist sentiments, along with his team-mate, Emma Goldman. Emma Goldman! How Peters hated that woman! He had once written a letter to this very paper about her, advocating her electrocution.

He dashed out again in a search of some one to whom he could explain. But the editorials had done their work. The door-man at the club presented him with a letter from the house-committee, saying that, at a special meeting, it had been decided that he had placed himself in a position offensive to the loyal members of the club, and that it was with deep regret that they informed him, etc. As he stumbled out into the street, he heard someone whisper to an out-of-town friend, "There goes Emma Goldman's husband."

As the days went by things grew unbelievably worse. He was referred to in public meetings whenever an example of civic treachery was in order. A signed advertisement in the newspapers, protesting, on behalf of the lineal descendants of the Grand Duke Sergius, against the spread of Bolshevism in Northern New Jersey, mentioned a few prominent snakes in the grass, such as Trotzky, Victor Berger, Horace W. Peters, and Emma Goldman.

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Then something snapped. Peters began to let his hair grow long, and neglected his linen. Each time he was snubbed on the street he uttered a queer guttural sound and made a mark in a little book he carried about with him. He bought a copy of "Colloquial Russian at a Glance," and began picking out inflammatory sentences from the *Novy Mir*. His wife packed up and went to stay with her sister when he advocated, one night at dinner, the communization of women. The last prop of respectability having been removed, the descent was easy. Emma Goldman, was it? Very well, then, Emma Goldman it should be! Bolshevist, was he? They had said it! "After all, who is to blame for this?" he mumbled to himself. "Capitalism! Militarism! Those Prussians in the Intelligence Department and the Department of Justice! The damnable bourgeoisie who sit back and read their *Times* and their *Tribune* and believe what they read there!" He had tried explanations. He had tried argument. There was only one thing left. He found it on page 112 of a little book of Emma Goldman's that he always carried around with him.

You may have read about Peters the other day. He was arrested, wearing a red shirt over his business cutaway and carrying enough TNT to shift the Palisades back into the Hackensack marshes. He was identified by an old letter in his pocket from Henry Cabot Lodge thanking him for a telegram of congratulation Peters had once sent him on the occasion of a certain speech in the Senate.

The next morning the *Times* said, editorially, that it hoped the authorities now saw that the only way to crush Bolshevism was by the unrelenting use of force.

Correspondence

Farmers' National Council

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your editorial of January 28, called "Waiting for the President," you say: "But nobody is doing anything to translate thought and talk into action." You have overlooked the fact that the farmers of the country have formulated a programme for economic reconstruction in America and for international reconstruction and that they are working aggressively to translate their thought and talk into action. On January 7, 8, and 9 representatives of State Granges, State Farmers' Unions, the American Society of Equity, the Gleaners, the National Nonpartisan League, many of the smaller farm organizations, met in Washington and formally adopted a programme of national and international reconstruction. As essential to economic reconstruction in America, this farmers' conference endorsed Government development of natural resources of the country now in public ownership and Government acquisition and development of those resources now in private ownership, "payment to be made only for actual and prudent investment"; Government ownership and operation of the railroads and of the merchant marine; the making of the recommendations of the Federal Trade Commission with reference to the meat packing industry the permanent policy of the country; the establishment of a sound and economic method of marketing farm products, making credit as available and as cheap to the farmer as to any other legitimate and responsible industry; terminating the present unrestrained system of land tenure through taxation which would force into productivity idle acres held for speculation; Government ownership or control of terminal elevators and the ascertaining of the cost of production of farm products as a basis for making agriculture a legitimate business and not, as heretofore, a hazardous speculation.

The domestic programme includes also financing the costs of the war by taxation of excess war profits, incomes, inheritances, and land values and other resources now speculatively held; the restoration of personal liberty and "general amnesty for all political prisoners." The farmers' programme demands "that the principle must be fully established and universally recognized that labor is the first fixed charge upon all industry." It urges the passage by the United States Senate of the Susan B. Anthony amendment to the United States Constitution giving full suffrage to women, demands a better system of rural education; the teaching of agriculture from an inspirational stand-point; Federal aids and scholarships for rural teachers; teaching industrial history, farm economics and marketing organization, coöperation and coöperative methods. It opposes compulsory militaristic training and demands that American troops shall not be used to fasten on any people any form of government; urges adequate financial support by Congress of the work of the United States Public Health Service and provision for a greatly increased number of public health nurses in rural districts, such service to be non-compulsory; and endorses an international Congress of Farmers to sit at the same time and place as the official peace conference.

The programme for international reconstruction, the Farmers' National Reconstruction Conference urges, should recognize "the common interests of the working people of all countries, regardless of the form of political government under which they live." It heartily endorses the league of nations, asserting the belief that among the instrumentalities of the league the following are essential: an international investment board to prevent the investment of money of one nation in another unless justified by conditions and agreeable to the nation receiving the investment, to adjust conflicting claims among nations as to "spheres of influence," to prevent the use of force by any nation to protect or to promote the investments of its "nationals," and to determine methods of securing justice to foreign investors. It declares for the abolishment of secret diplomacy, and urges reparation and not revenge as a basis for dealings with the Central Powers, declaring for the reduction of armies and navies. The conference stipulated distinctly its position on an international force as follows: "We advocate only such an international police force, subject to the control of the league of nations, as shall keep the offending people within its own territory and protect others from any injury through invasion of their territory, or destruction of life and property on the high seas."

The first day of the conference a resolution was adopted unanimously endorsing the President's foreign policy and warning the Senate not to attempt to imperil that policy. This was cabled to the President, and his appreciation immediately cabled back was received the same week. To carry out the programme of reconstruction, national and international, the Farmers' National Council was created and instructed to operate through Farmers' National Committees on War Finance, Packing Plants, and Allied Industries, Conservation, Transportation, Rural Education, Marketing and Coöperation, and through organizations to deal with specific programmes. The Conference also adopted as part of the programme of this council the organization of a Farmers' National Nonpartisan Congressional Committee to assist the farmers' friends in Congress in their campaigns for reëlection and to aid in the election of farmers to Congress. It further selected a delegation of farmers to attend the peace conference at Paris, to urge the adoption of the farmers' international programme, and to look generally after the American farmers' interests in the organization of the league of nations and in the alignment of international relations. We respectfully submit that this is about as rapid and effective a "translation of thought and talk into action" as could be desired.

Geo. P. Hampton

Washington, March 1

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Charity Schools?

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Because Congress adjourned without passing the Urgency Deficiency Bill, the night schools of the District of Columbia have no funds after to-night. The teachers have volunteered to serve without pay for two weeks and in the meantime an effort will be made to borrow or beg enough money for the next three months. As a last resort the pupils will be given a chance to contribute up to $3 apiece to keep things going. The night classes at the Business High School have an attendance of 2,500. And this is the capital of a supposedly civilized nation! Let us hope the Soviet Government of Russia will not follow this example. B. B.

Washington, D. C., March 7

No Demobilization!

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Allow me to protest most emphatically against this foolhardy idea of withdrawing troops from Europe and this hasty demobilization of the forces in the cantonments. Is anyone so blind as not to see that the world is rushing to destruction? and that we need every available soldier we can muster to stop it in its course? No sooner have we settled with the German devil than we are confronted with the Socialist deep sea. With every passing hour this Socialist menace spreads over the earth and in the face of this curse men calmly propose demobilization!

Fortunately for the world's safety some far-sighted Americans early recognized the menace of the Russian Socialists and saw to it that a force was sent into Russia to restore order and sanity to that covetous people. But this force is merely a hen-peck to what is needed. It should be our immediate business to throw an army of from three to five millions into Russia in order to overthrow the Soviets.

Russia is a central menace and the Bolsheviki have undermined the Governments of all the surrounding nations. We got rid of Kaiserism only to raise up Socialism, and no sane red-blooded American would think of making peace with a Socialist Government. We ought to have an army of at least two million for the purpose of restoring order and setting up a proper Government in Germany. Austria is a terrible mess of factions and we need two millions more for there. Moreover the whole area of the Balkans is liable to break out in a series of cat-fights at any minute and a million more men are needed to preserve order.

But what is worse, these devils of inhuman Russians are such wily and persistent propagandists that there can be no peace and quiet for the world until they are obliged to put off their cowhide boots for "made in America" shoes. The average Russian has enough propaganda concealed in his boot-legs to corrupt from three to five loyal regiments. Therefore I repeat that it is apparent that this is no hour for demobilization. We can't possibly preserve and maintain law and order Governments in the world with a less army than seven and one-half millions. Moreover, these Socialist propagandists are so insistent that one can't trust even the army and we should have at least three secret service men to watch every ten soldiers and a reserve of at least twenty-two per cent. of the army in the field to take the place of the deserters to Socialism.

Awake, Americans, Awake! Do not stop to think: this is a time for action! Act first and think at leisure, and above all things stand immediately ready to rush an army to every dangerous spot in Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America in order that law may prevail and that this monster, Socialism, be wiped from the earth!

Walter C. Hunter

Rollins, Mass., February 25

Lowell as a Popular Poet

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: To say that James Russell Lowell was a mystic and an idealist is not enough. He was that—and more. The plus represents the man; and until one has discovered Lowell the revolutionary poet, one does not know the real man. For a scholar like Professor Cairns to state, as he does in his recent *Nation* article, that Lowell has left "little which is sure of wide and lasting remembrance" is to admit that he has never known this poet; and when he asserts that the number of Lowell's poems which make a popular appeal today is small, he raises the question: "What is a popular appeal?" Lafcadio Hearn has said that the only true art is that which appeals to the masses. Lowell's poems are found to-day in collections of proletarian songs, they are reprinted in working-class papers, and they are understood and loved by the common man everywhere. Shall we not, then, class them as true art, besides conceding their popularity?

Mr. Cairns tells us that Lowell's "manner of deploring existing evils was a cause of resentment in certain quarters"—a resentment which, it would seem, has not altogether disappeared. May not the very fact of this continued resentment be a greater proof of the permanence and excellence of Lowell's work than any amount of critical comment?

However this may be, let us not fail, in recalling Lowell the poet, teacher, editor, critic, essayist, and diplomat, to keep in grateful remembrance Lowell the friend of humanity, the revolutionist, the internationalist—the man who wrote for our time, as well as for his own, many lines that thrill and inspire and enhearten as do few others in American poetry.

Blanche Watson

New York, March 10

Investigation at Cross Purposes

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Is there no way of ascertaining the truth about the relationship of the Russian Soviets to the Bolsheviki? Or is it impossible to get the truth via Washington? Surely there must be some one in this country capable of clearing up the mystery. Who can answer this question: Did the Bolsheviki found and organize the Soviets? And this: Did the Soviets create the Bolshevist party? It seems to me the evidence so far shows that there is only the flimsiest political connection between the two. The Bolshevist party advocated the Marxian proposals and conceptions of Socialism, and was forced through the intervention of the Allies to adopt methods of violence according to the gospel of Georges Sorel, the founder of revolutionary Syndicalism. The Soviets on the other hand seem to be evolved from the old form of village commune, or folk-moot, and according to those witnesses who have seen the *rural* Soviets at work their aspirations have nothing in common with Marxian aims, nor have their methods the slightest connection with those of the revolutionary Syndicalist.

It seems to me that our investigators at Washington, and our witnesses, are all at cross purposes, and the one sensible suggestion so far has come from Colonel Raymond Robins and it is this: Send competent impartial persons to Russia to find out. Meanwhile the Allies will have withdrawn their troops. With this source of difficulty removed, the task of our investigators will be comparatively simple.

As an instance of the terrible tangle over Russian affairs in which we find ourselves, let me refer to the matter of the position of women. According to the New York *Times* Mr. Francis confirmed the testimony of previous witnesses regarding the "nationalization of women" by provincial Soviets of the Bolshe-

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viki. Mr. Francis said that he got his "information from the official papers of the Bolsheviki." It is to be hoped that the papers will be published and carefully examined, for other papers purporting to be Soviet and Bolshevist documents have not borne examination. The London *Times*, famous for publishing peculiar documents, recently produced what professed to be a decree of "Bolshevist marriage." It assured its readers that the document was genuine. Strangely enough, the document bears on its face the fact that it has no connection with either the Bolsheviki or the Soviets. It was issued by "the Free Association of Anarchists of the town of Saratov." Readers of pre-war Russian novels will readily understand what that association is and was. If these matters were not so grave one would turn from the "discovery" of the London *Times* and laugh. But the honor and wisdom of our legislators are at stake, and so far their investigations have not produced much to laugh at. Russia is a long way off. The Senate is near us. There are chaos and ignorance in Russia. Let us hope that order and intelligence will find their way in Washington.

FRANCIS NEILSON

Chicago, March 9

Borah and Burke

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Reading the speeches of Senator Borah in which he repines because of internationalism and gives advice to his fellow Senators to "go out and preach republicanism" one is unconsciously reminded of the famous lament of Edmund Burke: "But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom." This inability of Mr. Borah to adjust himself to a new era and a changing order is not less pathetic in his case than in that of Burke since the illustrious Britisher felt himself to be a lover of liberty as the distinguished American conceives himself to be a progressive. Yet in view of what had happened and what is happening, both are reactionaries, as "new occasions teach new duties." The faith of the fathers is not the same thing as the forms of the fathers. We can well wish for the spirit of '76 without longing for the institutions of a century and more ago. Wendell Phillips said that to be as wise as our ancestors we had to be wiser.

De Tocqueville visited America for the instruction of his own countrymen. He found in America, as he tells us, "men of high and generous characters whose opinions are at variance with their inclinations." This is exactly the description of Borah, whose impulses are fine, but whose perceptions are faulty. De Tocqueville added: "A new science of politics is indispensable to a new world. This, however, is what we think of least; launched in the middle of a rapid stream, we obstinately fix our eyes on the ruins which may still be descried upon the shore we have left, whilst the stream sweeps us along."

Senator Borah seems to be oblivious of the fact of imperialism and particularly of that potent kind, financial imperialism. He apparently has no comprehension of the reality that his country, these United States, long ago entered into the scramble for territory and spheres of influence in the Orient and the Pacific sea. The deep and abiding significance of the Spanish-American war and our penetration into the tropics has not dawned upon him. He is not acquainted with the "economic man" as distinguished from the "civic man."

Because of their great gifts, their purity of purpose, and their undoubted sincerity, we must regard men like Burke and Borah more in sorrow than in anger.

ALFRED H. HENDERSON

Cincinnati, March 1

Literature

Village Literature in England

The English Village: A Literary Study, 1750-1850. By Julia Patton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

IN a study notable for its breadth, accuracy, novelty, general interest, and literary charm, Dr. Julia Patton has presented a history of village literature during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries which connects itself on the literary side with the pastoral, the bucolic, the essay, and the novel; with eighteenth-century sentimentalism, the romantic movement, and realism; and on the economic and social side with "the growth of a democratic spirit in an aristocratic age; with two great movements, the industrial revolution and the less familiar but almost more fundamental agrarian revolution. It brings us into contact with national questions such as that of the English poor . . . and involves the great 'land question' with which the whole world is to-day concerned." When Dr. Patton approached the field it lay untouched by the literary reaper; now that she has passed over it there is nothing left for the gleaner. Emphasis upon economic history by students of literature is rare. Twelve or fifteen years ago such a complete study would have been impossible, for only within the past decade or so have the essential facts relating to the extent of enclosure, the depopulation of villages, and the pauperization of the rural population been laid before the people at large by the publication of the economic studies of Gilbert Slater and the Hammonds.

Although the title of the book indicates that the contents have to do only with the two centuries immediately preceding our own, the chapter presenting the economic background traces the history of the village from the Middle Ages down to recent times. The scope of the study is further widened by the fact that in England the village and the country are, or were, identical. The people who tilled the land lived in villages situated at one end of the arable fields. These fields lay entirely open, the holdings of the tenants consisting of one-acre strips scattered over the entire arable and separated from each other only by narrow ribbons of sod. Nearly every peasant held some land, and along with tenancy in land went certain common rights such as the right to turn beasts onto the stubble after the harvest was gathered, to pasture cattle on the waste, and to take turf and wood for firing and building purposes. This method of farming was known as the open-field system. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries a great part of this open land was enclosed by hedges and ditches. About 1750 the process of enclosure gained renewed impetus, and continued through the nineteenth century until the open-field system had been entirely replaced by the modern capitalistic system of farming. As enclosure was carried on without the consent of the small holder, and frequently without compensating him for his loss, the injury done to the poor was enormous. Whole villages were depopulated and the inhabitants turned adrift. The cottar lost not only his land but his common rights, which meant the loss of his garden, his cow, his milk, his poultry, his eggs, and his fuel. He became entirely dependent upon wages at a time when wages were stationary and the prices of necessaries soaring. The story of readjustment is one of tragic suffering, injustice, and degradation.

Without attempting to do more than glance at the village literature produced before 1700, Dr. Patton turns at once to the poets of the early eighteenth century. The age was an aristocratic one, and interest in humble people only an affectation. This trifling interest in country folk is reflected in the pastoral. The bucolics show a more sincere appreciation of the beauties of inanimate nature, but very little insight into the nature of the human beings whose movements give animation to the scenes depicted. Interest in the country, even though superficial, was growing, however; and Gray's "Elegy," because of its beauty,

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served to give dignity to the humble theme. For more than fifty years, however, realism found a place in burlesque and satire only. Genuine interest in common people as individuals comes most nearly being realized for the first time in John Cunningham's "Miller" (1766), which was written under the democratic influence of the ballad.

"The Miller" appeared in the same year with Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." Prose, however, had not been under the same restraining influences as verse, so that the sympathetic treatment of humble life in Goldsmith's story was not unprecedented. Addison had created unsophisticated rustic figures in his essays, and Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne all treated country life understandingly. Fielding in particular was a great leveller, and gave full recognition to the individual as such.

While men of letters were thus growing more and more democratic in their treatment of village life, the village itself was changing from the coöperative to the competitive system. After 1760 the process of depopulation through enclosure went on apace. Goldsmith, however, was the only poet to notice the change, and his representation of what he saw was not taken seriously. The result of his brooding over the vanishing village was an idealistic picture of the village in its prosperous days placed in contrast with the desolation which unfeeling forces had wrought in its stead. Dr. Patton dwells at length on "The Deserted Village," and her comments are worth the careful study of students of literature in its historical significance, the more so since critics and biographers have pooh-poohed Goldsmith's economic theories and assumed that his description of the village in decay was purely imaginative and inserted for the sole purpose of artistic contrast.

The next poem of importance was Crabbe's "Village," a realistic protest against the easeful picture drawn by Goldsmith of the village in its prosperous days. In Dr. Patton's opinion, Crabbe's dismal picture of sordid and painful life reveals the truth, but not the whole truth. She thinks it not unlikely that in the days before enclosure there might have been villages where life was on the whole agreeable, but that after enclosure the dominant tone of life was more nearly that rendered by Crabbe. It is to be noted that, while Crabbe does not preach, the implication in his poem is that the poverty and spiritless character of the peasants are due to a meagre soil and a corrupt social system,—odds against which it is futile for them to contend.

From the time the village was established in literature by Goldsmith and Crabbe, running on through the nineteenth century, "two currents of influence are clearly discernible, the appeal to the universally æsthetic and the human in village society, and the pressure of immediate circumstances in current village affairs. The latter is that to which we owe the work of both Goldsmith and Crabbe, who represented two opposing types of treatment, the idyllic and the realistic." It is rather difficult to place Cowper in one current or the other because of the inconsistency between his theory of life and life as he pictured it. Despite the many attractive pictures in "The Task," on the whole the life revealed is cheerless and forbidding, not less in the homes of the deserving poor than in those of the night prowlers. The inconsistency of Cowper lies in his preaching individual moral responsibility and choice as a remedy for conditions which his own pen shows to have been imposed from without. Burns is a man of a different temper. He is not concerned with the peasantry in their detachment from the rest of society, but in the universal elements that make them akin to all mankind. And, all in all, the Scotch country folk who constitute his world are remarkable for their gaiety, vigor, and sturdy independence. The minor poetry of the period 1750-1800 partakes of the varied character of the more important work, and is mainly, though not solely, valuable as indicating the growing interest in the village.

In the nineteenth century the psychological and æsthetic motive was strong in Wordsworth, Robert Bloomfield, John Clare, Tennyson, William Barnes, and most of the writers of periodical and fugitive verse. Analysis of the individual, so characteristic of Wordsworth, is rare in Bloomfield and Clare; but their poems are a perfect storehouse of village manners, customs, habits, and occupations, upon which any student wishing to be judged well-informed must of necessity draw. We are all familiar with the poetry of Wordsworth; the novelty consists in finding him classed with the village poets. This ceases to be surprising, of course, when we remember that the present study is really one of humble rural life. Dr. Patton explains Wordsworth's infrequent reference to the village as a centre of life on the basis of an inseparable association in his own mind of the village and the country. A more probable explanation is the fact which he himself notes in the "Guide to the Lakes," that in the lake country the population was not concentrated in villages. Tennyson did not contribute much to the literature of the village; his finest characterization is that of the "Northern Farmer, Old Style," in which he passes from his usual personal treatment to the influence of the land. The poetic genius of William Barnes, on the other hand, was devoted almost exclusively to poems written in the Dorset dialect. He is as one-sided as Crabbe, showing in all fulness the lovable side of the country, but maintaining too strict a silence about the serious business of life. Turning back to the earlier part of the century we find that the social motive—the pressure of economic circumstance—is still strong in Crabbe's "Parish Register" and dominant in Ebenezer Elliott's "Splendid Village" and "Village Patriarch" (1829). Unlike Crabbe, Elliott wrote in a propagandist spirit, because he thought that the repeal of the Corn Laws would remedy the evil conditions. Hard work, long hours, poor wages, a broken spirit, and the workhouse in the end make up the idyllic life of the poor as Elliott saw it.

Before 1820 prose plays a subordinate part in the literature of the village, and does not reach its highest development until after 1850. Much of the prose of the first two decades is practical and reformatory in character. Showing quite the opposite tendency are Jane Austen's novels, notable because, in their picture of middle class life in a village, they disclose a country society entirely ignorant of the social movement going on about it. Such of Scott's novels as touch on the village deal with it only incidentally. However, in John Galt's "Annals of the Parish," a little-known study of the village published in 1821, we have the history of a Scotch village from 1760 to 1811—just the years when the greatest changes were taking place. These changes are quaintly portrayed by an old clergyman, who slowly adjusts himself to the innovations of tea, jelly, and cotton mills. The "Annals" is a new type of village literature in that it is the story of a whole community rather than the tale of a family or of unrelated individuals. That prose writers generally were keenly alive to the popularity of the village theme is amply evidenced by the titles in booksellers' catalogues, the short stories in "Blackwood's," and the critical comments scattered through Christopher North's "Noctes Ambrosianæ" printed in the same periodical. Some of these comments call for more realism. Miss Mitford's "Our Village" is one of the most minutely detailed sketches of any village study, but the details are not precisely of the sort demanded by the Ettrick Shepherd. Nothing unpleasant in village life is even suggested. Other writers emphasized the social problems, but the motive governing Miss Mitford—the æsthetic—was the one which controlled the later novelists, as it did the poets. Authors wishing to treat industrial problems in a realistic fashion turned to the city for their material. The country was reserved for a more idealistic art—not one which avoided reality, but one which did not stress economic problems. We find this to be true of Mrs. Gaskell's novels and of George Eliot's. With a glance forward through the great mass of prose literature produced after 1850, Dr. Patton concludes her study.

Flaws in the book are difficult to find, and adverse criticism will be the expression chiefly of a difference in the matter of taste, and seldom of judgment. The bibliography of writers

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on history and economics is rather short. We miss the names of Ashley, Thorold Rogers, Arnold Toynbee, Gibbins, Cheyney, Kay, Lecky, and a number of others; but it must be added that a wider reading would only have confirmed the conclusions which Dr. Patton has drawn, not altered them. A somewhat freer use of quotations would have been effective in the case of Goldsmith and Crabbe, especially where the author is calling attention to the truth of that part of their poetry which has been most neglected. But Dr. Patton's analyses are never dull, and, owing to a discriminating disposition of material and the absence of any tendency to harp on one string, interest throughout the volume is well sustained.

A Forerunner of Zionism

Rome and Jerusalem: A Study in Jewish Nationalism. By Moses Hess. Translated from the German, with Introduction and Notes, by Meyer Waxman. New York: Bloch Publishing Co. $1.50.

"SIMULTANEOUSLY, there is a movement of unrest among the other subjected nations, which will ultimately culminate in the rise of all the peoples oppressed, both by Asiatic barbarism and by European civilization, against their masters, and in the name of a higher right they will challenge the right of the master nations to rule." These words were not written under the effect of the recent pronouncements of President Wilson. They were penned in 1862 by a German Jewish writer, Moses Hess, in a book called "Rome and Jerusalem," which is now published in an excellent English translation. Hess's life is typical of the vicissitudes through which Judaism passed in the course of the nineteenth century. He was the grandson of a strictly orthodox Polish Jew, who, as the author tells us, spent every evening at the close of his business day in studying the Talmud and its commentaries. Hess himself was born in the year 1812 in Bonn, Germany, and became completely detached from Judaism. He was drawn into the liberal movement which swept through the fatherland at that time, and became an energetic and radical exponent of Marxian Socialism. Philosophically he was a Spinozist, and he wrote a number of books on social and philosophical problems which show a profound and original mind. Together with many other liberal writers and thinkers, he was forced to leave Germany; he settled in Paris, where he died in 1875.

It was the famous Damascus affair of 1840, when the Jews of that city became the victims of the hideous ritual murder libel and Anti-Semitism raised its head throughout Europe, that awakened the dormant Jewish sentiments of Hess. "Then," to quote his own words, "it dawned upon me for the first time in the midst of my socialistic activities that I belong to my unfortunate, slandered, despised, and dispersed people. And already then, though I was greatly estranged from Judaism, I wanted to express my Jewish patriotic sentiment in a cry of anguish. But it was unfortunately immediately stifled in my heart by a greater pain which the suffering of the European proletariat evoked in me." Subsequently, however, Hess came to the conclusion that the cause of the Jewish people and the interests of suffering humanity do not exclude but rather supplement one another; and he wrote his "Rome and Jerusalem," in which many decades before the appearance of Zionism he embraced the Zionist cause with a depth and ardor that have made his book the Zionist classic of to-day.

Hess advocates the restoration of the Jewish people in Palestine, not only as the solution of the tragic problem of Judaism, but also as part of the solution of the general problem of humanity. For he realizes, far in advance of his time, that "anti-national humanitarianism is just as unfruitful as the anti-humanitarian nationalism of mediæval reaction." "The present-day national movement not only does not exclude humanitarianism, but strongly asserts it, for this movement is a wholesome reaction not against humanism, but against the things that would encroach upon it and cause its degeneracy; against the levelling tendencies of modern industry and philosophy which threaten to deaden every original organic life-force by introducing a uniform inorganic mechanism." Hess, a fervent admirer of the French people and of French culture, was firmly convinced that France "is the savior who will restore our people to its place in universal history," and he quotes various French writers expressing a similar conviction. The Turkish Empire was believed to be on the verge of its downfall, and the restoration of Palestine to the Jewish people seemed to many a necessary part of the restoration of the Near East to human civilation.

Hess's book is full of profound observations on many phases of Jewish life. His analysis of Judaism as an organism in which the religious and racial elements are inextricably bound up with one another, and his arraignment of so-called progressive Jewry for overlooking this fundamental aspect of Judaism and for reducing it to a mere colorless denomination, will strike many readers as being peculiarly modern. While holding advanced views on religion, he looked forward to a revival of "the holy spirit, the creative genius of the [Jewish] people" in a rejuvenated Palestine. With many modern Zionists, he believed that politically restored Jewry is destined to become the spiritual as well as the material intermediary between East and West: "A great calling is reserved for you: to be a living channel of communication between three continents. You should be the bearers of civilization to the primitive people of Asia and the teachers of European sciences to which your race has contributed so much. . . . Your capital will again bring the wide stretches of barren land under cultivation; your labor and industry will once more turn the ancient soil into fruitful valleys, reclaiming the plain lands from the encroaching sands of the desert, and the world will again pay its homage to the oldest of peoples."

Jabberwocky Up to Date

The Profits of Religion. By Upton Sinclair. Pasadena, California: Published by the Author. 50 cents.

AFTER you have read "The Profits of Religion," you lie back in your chair and—*chortle*, classically and joyfully. Thus:

> "And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
> Come to my arms, my beamish boy!"

And then, when you have come to yourself, you will probably reflect that it is so. The mystery is at last cleared up. Lewis Carroll had foreseen "The Profits of Religion." It is well known that the words of the famous poem are composite and symbolical: Jabberwock is obviously made up of Jabber and the German *woch*—which together means "weekly jabber." And that must refer to the Church. So there you are. See how nicely it all works out! "'Twas brillig" out there in Pasadena, and the slithy bootstrap-lifters were—well, not exactly "gyring and gimbling in the wabe," but certainly doing their best; and the mome Shakers and Koreshans were outgrabing outrageously. There was a "beamish boy" out there, too, who was so bored and disgusted by these performances that he made up his mind to do something desperate. So "he took his vorpal blade in hand"; and without spending too much time "in uffish thought" by "the Tumtum tree," he went for the enemy and began to lay about him.

> "One, two! One, two! And through and through
> The vorpal blade went snicker-snack;
> He left it dead, and with its head
> He went galumphing back."

Lewis Carroll, however, failed to perceive how many-headed was the Jabberwock. For by the time our beamish boy has finished the job it is not one loose head that is lying about, but dozens and dozens of them. And they all came off clean. No clumsy bungling here. It is a masterly exhibition of bladesmanship; and for fifty cents you have a "frabjous" time.

But is the Jabberwock really dead? Has Mr. Sinclair's blade

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finished him up? You have to admit that it has battered the poor creature unmercifully, but——.

Augustine Birrell says somewhere that Macaulay sat down to write a history of England and knew it was going to be a bad time for the Tories; Mr. Upton Sinclair sat down to write what he calls "an economic interpretation" and knew that it was going to be a bad time for the parsons. That kind of thing is quite easy, of course. All you have to do is to select and arrange your facts, and insert an occasional exception in order to preserve an aspect of judicial fairness. But Mr. Sinclair knows—or should know—perfectly well that it would be possible with the same ease to write a book covering the same ground, which would tell quite truthfully an entirely different story. "The Profits of Religion" is a true, if not always a very accurate, indictment; and organized religion deserves all the hard blows it gets. But having set out his rogues' gallery, Mr. Sinclair would have proved himself more of a scientist and less of a preacher if he had recalled a few of the saints—for instance, John Ball, Savonarola, Mazzini, Lamennais—who were all products of the Church. It is true, the official Church treats the saints badly. But then the official Church is not the true Church, and the clerical mind is not the repository of the life of the Church. The living Church has no history—for it is a society of simple, lowly folk who have lived faithful and upright lives and have passed on their faith and their hope from age to age in an unaffected and selfless way; and of *this* Church there is no "economic interpretation" possible. Mr. Sinclair is right in tracing the degradation of the organized Church to the unhappy compact with Constantine. If the Church fathers had had the wit to avoid that blunder, there would in all probability have been no Jabberwock to-day to tempt the vorpal blade of our beamish boy from Pasadena.

A Walpole in Petrograd

The Secret City. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.60.

IN almost or quite the last of Henry James's critical essays, "The New Novel," Hugh Walpole was awarded a certain distinction among his brethren of the "younger school" in England. For one thing, said the critic, instead of merely squeezing the orange of his "saturation," he seemed, like the Bennett of "The Old Wives' Tale," to have something approaching "an awareness of a subject." At all events, though in "The Duchess of Wrexe" "we wander . . . with our hand in no guiding grasp, the author's good disposition, as we feel it, to provide us with what we lack if he only knew how, constitutes in itself such a pleading liberality. We seem to see him in this spirit lay again and again a flowering carpet for our feet." For another thing, he presents a rare, almost unique case "of a positive identity between the spirit, not to say the time of life or stage of experience, of the aspiring artist and the field itself of his vision: 'The Duchess of Wrexe' reeks with youth and the love of youth and the confidence of youth." If James had lived to read "The Dark Forest" and "The Secret City," he might have observed an identity not less but more rare in our recent experience; an identity between actor and interpreter in the actual scenes of war. In "The Dark Forest," as we noted at the time of its appearance, Mr. Walpole had first of all a human story to tell. In setting and atmosphere it was the direct product of his Red Cross service in the Russian-Austrian campaign. For most writers such experience, during the war, has borne fruit in nothing better than fragmentary and documentary notes on phenomena. This soldier of healing has seen and interpreted not war, but life going on in time of war. He shows romance alive and glowing through his dark forest; it is only (as we wrote three years ago) that "the tale of these men and women has the sound and breath and odor of the brutal thing called war—the background and atmosphere of so many millions of lives as they are being lived on all 'fronts' to-day."

"The Secret City" is a sequel to "The Dark Forest" in that it deals with several of the chief persons in the earlier story, and carries the interpretation of Russian character from the relatively simple conditions of Russia in the thick of war to the tangled predicament of Russia in the throes of revolution. Again the story-teller is the youngish English Durward, sensitive and sympathetic rather than robust in either mind or physique, who had part in and recorded the drama of Trenchard and Semyonov and the all-womanly Marie whom they all, in their divers ways, ill-fatedly adore. Stranded in Petrograd after the Galician retreat, no longer physically fit for Red Cross service, he becomes a spectator of revolution in the making. The city sets its strange spell upon him. He does his best to understand her and her people, though in the end he disclaims anything like authority for his conclusions: "This business of seeing Russian psychology through English eyes has no excuse except that it *is* English. That is its only interest, its only atmosphere, its only motive; and if you are going to tell me that any aspect of Russia, psychological, mystical, practical, or commercial, seen through an English medium is either Russia as she really is or Russia as Russians see her, I say to you, without hesitation, that you don't know of what you are talking."

However, here is one Englishman's impression to be given for what it may or may not be worth. Primarily, as always with this writer, there is a story to be told about certain persons who, whether we may fancy ourselves understanding them or not, somehow take on before our eyes the very lineaments and motions of life. We do not doubt that they have their being, however shaky we may be as to its nature and "meaning." There is one rather tough preliminary mouthful to be swallowed. We must believe in Durward the story-teller, Durward himself; though in temperament, in a certain strained sensitiveness and emotional stress—spiritual excitability, it might be called—he is as little like as may be to one's conception of the true-born Briton. The Bohun who is supplied to fit that pattern is strangely amenable to exotic influences, so that in the end he is as helpless in Russia's hands as Durward himself. Even Jerry Lawrence, matter-of-fact inarticulate public school Englishman, responds to forces he does not comprehend; in the person of Vera he is to be bound to the destiny of another race. But what of the Russian figures in this international drama? There are Vera the ever-womanly and Nina the ever-girlish—differentiated from the corresponding Western types by elements of intense emotionalism, individualism, mysticism, or what you will. *There is Markovitch the well-meaning and absurd, tragi*-comic lover of Vera his wife, with his puttering inventions, his drunken lapses, his big vague dreams of a happy and united Russia. There is Grogoff, the long-haired blond apostle of the People's war, the People's rule—and the People's pockets, as represented by their leaders. There are the puzzled and leaderless bourgeoisie, easy prey for the Grogoffs, and the peasantry swarming into Petrograd after the first shock of the Revolution: "Those strange, pale, Eastern faces, passive, apathetic, ignorant, childish, unreasoning, stretched in a great crowd under the grey overhanging canopy of the sky. . . . A hundred million of these children—ignorant, greedy, helpless, pathetic, revengeful—let loose upon the world! Where were their leaders? Who, indeed, would their leaders be?" They remain for us here a spectacle, a visible problem to be pondered upon, although a problem not to be solved. But at least we are permitted to see something of the way in which those of the Grogoff type would solve that problem.

After all, this book, like "The Dark Forest," makes its big spectacle effective by keeping it in its place as background for the story proper. And in this story, as in the earlier one, the salient figure is that of Semyonov, the rake who becomes too late a lover, who ruthlessly sacrifices the body and soul of poor Markovitch to his own strange scruple of honor. We can but tremble for the ghosts of Trenchard and his Marie when the tyrant, having accomplished his release from the body, shall choose to step between them once more.

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Books in Brief

IN the 1,223 French communes reconquered from Germany in 1917, there were to be counted more than 100,000 shattered houses, 50,000 of which were actually annihilated. The same territory contained, of other ruined buildings, 435 town halls, 598 schools, and 472 churches, and the enemy were still in possession of 4,000 French cities and villages, with the great retreat and all its destruction still to come. In "La Renaissance des Ruines" (Paris: Laurens), M. Paul Léon, who writes as Head of the Architectural Service in the Ministry of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, already looks forward to the rebuilding of the martyred zone. The half of his work which concerns rural architecture will be of novel interest to American readers because of its description of the little-known French farm-building, the reasoned statement of whose varied character introduces physiographical accounts of different localities, besides many details of country life. The part on the reconstruction of the more monumental architecture is of less unfamiliar character, though not less interesting. The manifold problems that will arise in connection with rebuilding are made very vivid. What, for example, is to be totally rebuilt, and what is to be only restored? There are all degrees of destruction. What style shall be adopted in the case of rebuilding? Shall restoration be merely literal, or shall it assume to correct faults that had resulted from promiscuous restoration after former wars? To what extent shall monuments be left as they are, made still more beautiful by honorable wounds? Shall decorative detail be replaced? Shall new roofs be in the old-style vaulting, or shall steel be employed? What monuments shall be expropriated for preservation as national memorials? What war museums shall be established, and where? What military constructions along the front shall be preserved as public monuments? M. Léon's book, bristling with æsthetic, archæological, patriotic, and economic queries, makes us realize the magnitude of the architectural task now confronting the French people, and the spirit in which it will be executed. It is indeed a task which "calls for more knowledge than genius, more patience than fecundity, more conscientiousness than enthusiasm. It promises to those who perform it more honor than profit, more tribulation than honor. It is a work of devotion." The problems of rural reconstruction, on the other hand, are simpler. The national character of farm architecture is to be preserved, but the hygienic and economic inconveniences of the ancient *ferme* are to be removed, and the rural frontier is to experience a reconstruction as unexampled in history as its destruction.

IF a devotee of H. G. Wells, in a very vacant moment, should open Arnold Bennett's latest volume, "Self and Self-Management" (Doran; $1), his supercilious eye might be caught by the title of the initial essay, "Running Away from Life," and he might exclaim: "What can such a dull fellow have to say on the Master's favorite theme?" Dipping into the volume, he might pause, in surprised approval, on dicta such as these: "You know well enough what I mean by energy: I mean the most fundamental thing in you." "Risk is the very essence of life, and the total absence of danger is equal to death." "You may take refuge in good works or you may take refuge in bad works, but the supreme offence against life lies in taking refuge from it." "It is indisputable that the conscience can be, and is, constantly narcotised as much by relatively good deeds as by relatively bad deeds." Our devotee of Wells might conclude that Bennett, under the inescapable influence of that prophet of energy, has found a modicum of the meaning of "real life." But as a matter of fact, the Cult of Energy antedates both of these writers. It rose like an exhalation from the unexampled stores of actual energy thrown up by the nineteenth century. It penetrated, most vigorously and on the whole most nobly, the work of Thomas Carlyle; later, it was pursued on lower ground but with healthy ardor by R. L. Stevenson; now, it is chased feverishly on infirm soil by H. G. Wells. The Energy Cult is visibly decadent. The considerate reader exclaims, "Something too much of this." We feel that literature ought to reflect the question which has now become so pressing in actual life: "How can we best *use*, nowadays, the considerable stores of energy we have on hand?" To this question Mr. Bennett, who is here in advance of Mr. Wells and is better gauging the changing demand of the reading public, attempts some answer. "Perhaps you have been hoping to *create* energy in yourself," he says to the young person who has been trying too conscientiously and too unwisely to live up to the Energy Cult. "Now, you cannot create energy, either in yourself or elsewhere. You can only set energy free, loosen it, transform it, direct it." To be sure, "an individual cannot be in a state of well-being if any of his faculties are permanently idle through any fault of his own. . . . In my view, happiness includes chiefly the idea of satisfaction after full honest effort." But the direction of the effort is of chief importance. And in this connection, "I should like to know why it is necessarily more righteous to confine one's energy to a single direction than to let it spread out in various directions. It is not more righteous. . . . Energy can be used in other ways—in contemplation, in self-understanding, in understanding other people, in pleasing other people, in appreciating the world, in lessening the friction of life." But this mode of using energy must be distinguished from that of the woman who, in respect of social reform, "will at once be ready to reform everybody and everything except herself and her own existence"; and from that of the man who "spends his days attaching vast quantities of importance to a vast number of things." Here, if not earlier, the Wellsian reader will throw down the book in disgust; especially in view of the author's brutal assertion that "The thought of posterity leaves me stone cold." But surely all types of reader will deeply agree, just now, with the following axiom: "The most valorous and morally valuable war-work is the work of working with impossible people." The present reviewer's final impression is that Mr. Bennett should think more concentratedly and omit more matter of secondary interest,—also, his publishers should charge less for a book of ninety-six pages.

THE two-volume treatise by Professor Charles Seymour and Dr. Donald P. Frary entitled "How the World Votes: The Story of Democratic Development in Elections" (C. A. Nichols Co.; $5) is timely. Already the war period has brought some remarkable developments in connection with the suffrage, and others are impending. It is indeed probable that not even the most democratic countries will pass through the reconstruction epoch without substantial electoral changes, either in the suffrage or in machinery and procedure. The task which Messrs. Seymour and Frary have set for themselves is one of considerable magnitude. It is nothing less than an historical survey of electoral systems, in all civilized countries, from the Athenian scheme of election by lot to the new British Representation of the People Act. Seven chapters are devoted to elections in Great Britain and the British colonies, five to elections in the United States, four to elections in France, two each to elections in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia, and a half-dozen to elections in the minor European countries. There is also a chapter on South America and one on Japan. The history of the various systems is told at greater or lesser length, present electoral machinery is described, and usually something is said of existing and prospective problems. An introductory chapter sets forth adequately the contrasted theories of the suffrage, and develops a view which falls in with the growing recognition of the electorate as a distinct branch of government, coördinate with the executive, legislative, judicial, and administrative branches. Although mainly historical, the work is constructive and forward-looking to the extent that it regards universal suffrage for men and women as the natural and inevitable goal of all governments to-day, and even contemplates the possibility of an international franchise, "limited, no doubt, to elections of general interest." The treatise is encyclopædic and informational rather than analytical or philosophical; it

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moves lightly over the surface of its enormous field, offering the scholar little or nothing, but giving the general reader something that he can hardly find in any other place. It would be easy to take exception to a good many things that are said. The connection between the modern British Parliament and the Saxon Witenagemot is exaggerated. The amount of innovation in the British electoral act of last year is under-stated. The explanation of the French second ballot is defective. At one point French electoral procedure is described in the present tense, without taking account at all of the reforms introduced in 1913, although six pages later the same ground is covered again and this time correctly. In a work of such proportions, and so largely historical, it is amazing to find the woman's suffrage movement in Great Britain disposed of on the basis of rather incidental mention through a bare half-dozen pages. The authors' style is generally simple and clear, although there are occasional obscurities. There are no footnotes, even quotations going without mention of the author; and of the numerous illustrations, half or more, being portraits, add little of value to a work of this character.

AN interesting and valuable addition to our knowledge of the sources of English literary thought is Miss Caroline Mabel Goad's doctoral thesis bearing the title, "Horace in the English Literature of the Eighteenth Century" (Yale University Press; $3). To account for the predominant influence of Horace on the English writers of the period stated, Miss Goad plausibly observes that such papers as the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, the *Guardian*, and the like were eighteenth century reproductions of Horace's Satires and Epistles. "The fact that Horace was the favorite author for the mottoes with which almost all these papers began their lucubrations, rather than Juvenal on the one hand, or Virgil on the other, is evidence," Miss Goad says, "of his special value and significance to them. Neither he nor they made exalted demands for civic righteousness; both would be satisfied if they could coax their readers into becoming fairly sensible, decent citizens. It had been Horace's function at the court of Augustus to point out the advantages of the newly formed empire; and those English writers who assumed the duty of persuading the people that, with the new rule inaugurated by the bloodless revolution of 1688, rather than with the Stuart family, lay their true advantage, found, ready made in the Satires and Epistles, many sound political arguments." That the influence of Horace on the literature of this period was not confined to the realm of politics is abundantly proved in the course of Miss Goad's exhaustive monograph. The most frequently quoted literary authority throughout the century was the "Ars Poetica," while Bolingbroke and his circle built their philosophy of ease and luxurious simplicity largely on the precepts of Horace. It would not be uninteresting to determine what particular lines and passages of Horace's works most appealed to the writers of the English Augustan age, and the copious indexes in the present volume afford ample material for such an undertaking. It will suffice here to note that among the favorite quotations of these writers is the famous line:

"Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes,"

which Pope converted into the beautiful couplet:

"Years following years steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away."

THE mantle of Walter Rauschenbusch seems to have fallen on the shoulders of Harry Ward. No other man to-day is carrying on with so much vigorous cleverness and real religious insight the valiant attempt to redeem the churches for Christ, by rallying their social forces. Woe to the world and the churches if the attempt should fail! Dr. Ward's little handbook, "The Gospel for a Working World" (Missionary Education Movement; 60 cents), is admirably adapted to help the cause. It is a hopeful sign that it is issued under the auspices of one of the most old-fashioned of church activities. He to whom the word Missions calls up visions of Christmas boxes packed for pioneer missionaries will read the book with amused bewilderment, but with increasing recognition that here, in the attainment of elementary justice for the plain people, lies the true home field for the Church just now. Simple and incisive in manner and clearly planned, the work is excellently adapted for study-classes. It is crammed full of effective concrete illustrations, and telling information tersely put. Under the basic principle of the Right to Live are first marshalled familiar hideous facts of exploitation and disease. Then follow studies of the struggle for decent hours and decent pay, and of the morale of strikes. A central chapter deals with the sad relation of the churches to the spiritual needs of the masses. The latter half of the book advances into more radical thinking, dealing with such questions as that of industrial control. Dr. Ward has given us no mere secular compendium, but a book infused in every paragraph by distinctive Christian passion; his underlying appeal is to redeem the Faith of the Cross from unreal sentiment, by applying it in practical sacrifice to the achievement of brotherhood. It is a pity that the terse good English of the book is injured now and then by a rasping vulgarism, such as the recurrent use of "obligated."

IN a world perplexed by the task of redrawing many of its boundary lines, Mr. C. B. Fawcett's small volume entitled "Frontiers: A Study of Political Geography" (Oxford University Press; $1.20), should be welcome because of its precision in dealing with geographical conceptions and its grasp of both the historical and the practical aspects of border problems. The author uses the term "frontier" as signifying a zone of separation rather than a boundary line, but his discussion includes both lines and zones. The revival during the present war of the French Revolutionary doctrine that the Rhine is the "natural" boundary of France gives pertinence to Mr. Fawcett's remarks upon the influence of river boundaries. "Very few rivers," he says, "form linguistic or cultural divides—the Danube between Rumania and Bulgaria is almost the only prominent instance." A river tends to bring peoples together, and is likely to become the "axial line of an area of dense population." One of the author's most enlightening discussions has as its subject "Artificial Boundaries." Here he incidentally points out the embarrassments which have resulted from accepting a purely astronomical boundary line between Canada and the United States west of the Lake of the Woods. In the Rockies and the Cascades the line runs on utterly oblivious of topographical eccentricities, and is "perhaps the least efficient and the most costly boundary line on earth." Another curious fact is that in the case of our eleven mountain states only one boundary, that between Idaho and Montana, follows a ridge—even in this case not all the way. In giving an account of "Frontier Marches" the author finds in its geographical situation, more than in human perversity, the origin of Brandenburg's militarism. "Its exposed position," he remarks, "on an open plain between the Bohemian highlands and the Baltic, made the State necessarily a military autocracy from its beginnings."

THE second volume of Raemaekers's "Cartoon History of the War" (Century Co.; $1.75) covers the second year, and contains many of the drawings to which he owes his popularity. Even by this second year, the stream of his invention and imagination was already running a little dry. Raemaekers is not a great artist, nor is he a great political caricaturist or cartoonist in the sense that Daumier was, or any of the artists who swayed the fortunes of France in the first half of the last century. But when his drawings began to appear in England no other artist there had produced war cartoons that could compete with his in their appeal to the people. *Punch* is usually too polite in its satire to produce a strong impression. E. J. Sullivan's fine cartoons were away above the heads of the people. Raemaekers measured, if unconsciously, the popular imagination, and satisfied it. He had ideas, though that they were not inexhaustible is shown in this volume where, in "The Marshes of Pinsk," he

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seems to be copying himself in that best and most poignant of all his drawings, "On the Road to Calais." However, this reissue of his work is in a convenient form for those of his admirers who would preserve it and, no doubt, when completed, will prove of use to future students and historians not only as a commentary on some of the principal events of the war, but as a reflection of the attitude towards Germany of the Allies and a few of the neutrals.

BOOK-LOVERS and book-collectors will give a warm welcome to A. Edward Newton's "Amenities of Book-Collecting and Kindred Affections" (Atlantic Monthly Press; $3.50). It is not the work of a scholar, or of a great collector of books in a true sense. The author makes no pretensions to learning. He appears to be an every-day business man who, from early manhood, as his means would allow, has garnered items of exquisite quality and rarity, particularly of the eighteenth century,—first editions, association copies, autographs, and manuscripts. Written in unusually vigorous and pleasing English, the essays are as unhackneyed as they are appealing. Mr. Newton's chapters range from book-collecting at home and abroad to delightful essays on James Boswell, William Godwin ("a ridiculous philosopher," indeed!), Mrs. Piozzi, and Charles Lamb's single love affair. Many of them first saw the light in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The book is so full of good things which the reader would like to refer to again and again that it is a pity an index was not supplied. The illustrations are varied and well-chosen.

THERE are many to whom Dr. Rufus Jones has long been a sure and welcome guide to mystic sanctities. The brief devotional meditations which make up his volume entitled "The World Within" (Macmillan; $1.25) might date from any moment in world-history, so serene are they, so centred in eternal things, so far from these our wars. At times they seem dulled and tamed by that touch of the platitude which so often infests human speech when it tries to convey to other persons those deep experiences which defy the formula. Closer reading, however, reveals the wide and broad culture of the author. His simplicity is full of undertones suggestive of modern studies in the mystery of personality, and of echoes caught from many great witnesses to the unseen realities in which we move. The book grows more appealing as it proceeds, and at times in the later pages, notably in the chapter on "The Soul's Converse," one finds the authentic and authoritative note of testimony which only those who have "returned home" can convey.

IN "Social Insurance in the United States" (McClurg; 60 cents), Professor Gordon Ransom Miller discusses the theory and the philosophy of the subject rather than the details of what has thus far been accomplished in the United States. Describing Social Insurance as primarily a means of conserving our human resources, he defends his thesis by showing in successive chapters how workmen's compensation laws fathered the "Safety First" movement, how health insurance leads inevitably to the better organization of medical aid, how unemployment insurance tends to make for the greater regularization of industry, and how old age insurance promotes longevity. A final chapter defending "Social Insurance as a General Educator" makes the book a stimulating if perhaps an over-optimistic introduction to the subject.

THOSE interested in the economic reconstruction of the Near East will welcome the little volume entitled "Syria: An Economic Survey" (New York: Zionist Organization), which has been translated and abridged by Nellie Straus from the recent German work of Dr. Arthur Ruppin. The book contains a brief but thorough description of the various phases of Syrian economic life, including the questions of taxation and traffic and transportation, and concludes with a number of projects for the promotion of Syrian agriculture. The bibliography attached to the little volume will be found helpful.

Drama

Greek Tragedy for Grand Opera

OPERA librettos furnish much amusement to those who delight in verbal inanities and infelicities; this absurdity of detail, however, is often only the inevitable result of the inadequacy of the subject-matter as a whole. What librettist, even if, as occasionally chances, he be a poet by profession, can avoid fatuous repetitions and misplaced emphases in dealing with a trivial theme, vaguely conceived characters, or inchoate plot? In spite of some notable exceptions, a good opera must be built upon a good "book," one good enough, in fact, to become a satisfactory play if disentangled from its musical robings. Thoughts and emotions seem to require more time when musically expressed than when spoken, but taking this into consideration we are not setting too high a standard for the opera if we demand that it possess the two necessary qualifications of dignified drama—consistent, well-developed plot, and strongly-drawn characters. In addition, the lyric stage demands a certain sublimity of theme and ample emotional potentialities.

The older operas, such as "The Magic Flute," "Oberon," and "Il Trovatore," unscrupulously subordinated characters and plot to musical effects—those musical effects, that is, which the conventions of the day regarded as operatic essentials. Since that time, however, whereas the music of opera has freed itself almost completely from the shackles of tradition, its dramatic content has been subjected with increasing rigor to the laws of the stage. An indication of this tendency is the fact that to-day much more often than ever before the new opera is "written around" an already existing play. As Mr. Finck recently remarked apropos of Fevrier's "Gismonda," "Puccini is by no means the only living composer who has discovered that to wed operatic music to a successful play is to begin with the battle half-won." Shakespeare and Sardou seem to be favorite playwrights of the modern composers. Many other popular operas, those of early date as well as those written in the last ten or fifteen years, are the immediate offspring of well-known plays—such widely differing works, for example, as "Faust," "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Königskinder," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Madama Butterfly," "La Traviata," and "Le Chemineau."

For the enterprising composer who is convinced that a well-constructed play is eminently desirable as the basis of his opera, there exists a treasure house of almost incalculable wealth in Greek tragedy. Already moulded into form fairly well-adapted to operatic requirements (since, indeed, Greek tragedy was itself the first grand opera), these dramas exhibit in a high degree sublimity of theme, emotional richness, clearly outlined characters, well-devised, logically-progressing plot. Long ago musicians discovered this golden store and the dictionaries of opera are filled with lists of "Alcestes," "Medées" and other classical heroes and heroines. Of these figures, however, which have played so vital a part in the history of European culture as to become symbols, as it were, instead of merely literary figures, how many representatives tread the lyric boards to-day? That the creations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have passed into oblivion casts no discredit upon their Greek ancestry, for practically all the other operas of the same time have ceased to exist. The field may now be tilled once more.

Æschylus, poet-philosopher of rugged grandeur, offers as his most glorious contribution the Orestean trilogy. In occidental literature there are few figures more impressive and vital than Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, and Orestes, but as yet no worthy operatic embodiment has been given to any one of them. Surely these characters and their fates cry out for such musical sublimation as Wagner has lavished upon the far less humanly significant heroes of the Nibelungen Ring. Of Æschylus's other plays, the "Prometheus" is the most alluring to the composer, because it has the greatest of themes, suffering for the welfare

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of humanity, and because of the power and majesty of the chief characters. Since the story is told by means of a series of parallel episodes, the "Prometheus" might well be condensed into a single stupendous act.

Sophocles is more interested in the relation of man to man than in the conflict between mortals and the gods. He has left seven tragedies, all of which can be adapted to the needs of opera. At the command of his king, Mendelssohn wrote music for a large part of three of these plays, the "Antigone," the "Œdipus at Colonus," and the "Œdipus Tyrannus," although, perhaps, strictly speaking, the resultant compositions were not operas. Richard Strauss took for the libretto of his "Elektra" the play of the same name by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, which in its turn was a version of Sophocles's "Electra." Even in the Greek this heroine is by no means a lovable creature, but in the German play she is made almost abnormal in her crazed longing for vengeance, and the cacophonies of Strauss naturally heighten the hectic effect. Consequently Electra demands a new and more just operatic presentation. Aristotle pronounced the "Œdipus Tyrannus" the masterpiece of Greek drama. When given to-day, either in Greek or in the vernacular, it never fails to produce a profound impression, an impression of the very nature to be enhanced and deepened by musical interpretation. The sequel, "Œdipus at Colonus," presents a picture shot through with gleaming mysticism.

Of Euripides, if we include the "Rhesus," there are nineteen plays extant. He is differentiated from his predecessors by his more modern tone; he makes many innovations both in the matter and in the spirit of the ancient legends; he is given to analyzing the motives of his characters in a manner conveniently albeit somewhat vaguely termed "psychological." By reason, therefore, of the greater abundance of his material and his unconventional treatment of it, it would seem that he is more likely to interest the modern composer than Æschylus or even Sophocles. At least the early writers of opera drew more often from his resources. Gluck, a most important figure in the history of opera, wrote three successful plays on Euripidean themes, "Alceste," "Iphigénie en Aulide," and "Iphigénie en Tauride." Medea was the subject of many early operas, but not one survives. Rameau in his "Hippolyte et Aricie" set the story of Phædra to music, and Sarah Bernhardt has made Racine's "Phèdre" famous; yet why have we not to-day a Phædra in our gallery of operatic heroines? Electra, Helen, Orestes, and many another familiar figure Euripides views from new angles; he sounds the depths of pathos in "Hecuba" and "The Trojan Women"; he gives dramatic voice to the religious awakening of his times in "The Bacchantes."

Incidentally, the appropriation of Greek tragedy by grand opera would afford scope for exciting experiments in the treatment of chorus and ballet, for to a very large extent the Greek play was sung and danced. The modern opera tends to minimize the rôle of the chorus, yet both musically and dramatically the chorus is a most valuable asset. The choruses of the Greek plays need, perhaps, to be simplified and shortened, but they contain material which is potent with suggestion for modern song and dance.

As to scenery and costumes, Greek tragedy arouses in the minds of many a chilling vision of snowy draperies sifting languidly across the icy façade of a Doric temple. So mightily has the peerless marble sculpture of ancient Hellas cast its white glory over adjacent domains. As a matter of fact, the ancient Greeks painted both statues and temples with brilliant hues, and, as we learn, for example, from the Tanagra figurines, many bright colors were to be found in their gracefully flowing garments. Then, in dealing with the stories of Greek drama, which are supposed to take place before the dawn of history, the greatest of license is granted to scenic artist and costumer. As suggestive and corrective material there stand ready to hand not only the well-known master works of Greek art, but the more recently unearthed objects belonging to the Minoan civilization.

Probably no one would advocate the singing of Greek tragedy in Greek. Every composer naturally prefers to set his music to a libretto in his own tongue. Here is an excellent opportunity for English once more to attempt to justify itself as an appropriate idiom for opera. Its hitherto, shall we say comparative failure or inconclusive success, in this respect, is undoubtedly due in no small measure to limitations of theme. The poetic beauty and general excellence of many English translations of Greek tragedy prove the fitness of our language to this noble end.

The problems of Greek drama are not dead issues to-day, for they are the fundamental questions of the soul of man with reference to his relations to God and to his fellow men. The characters which grapple with these problems were created by genius so powerful and unerring that, while possessing a distinct, unforgettable personality of their own, they symbolize humanity for all time. If the scene seems remote, the atmosphere cold and rarefied, just here lies the great opportunity for the maker of harmonies: his art can impart immediateness of influence and the warm, rich coloring of emotional values.

HAROLD L. CLEASBY

Art

The Pennsylvania Academy

THE Pennsylvania Academy continues to be more representative in its exhibitions than the National Academy and its average is higher. But there is not much of special distinction in the present exhibition—its one hundred and fourteenth. Some of the most notable paintings have been already shown—like Childe Hassam's "Tanagra." And the growing tendency to promote local interests and local talent,—or want of it,—threatens to take from the Academy that very liberality which, for a while, was its most important asset.

To explain: the most prominent, and therefore the most talked-about painting is Arthur B. Carles's "Marseillaise," a large sexless nude, with a French flag for drapery, posturing against a sombre, ill-defined landscape. The figure is without modelling, without drawing, heavy and coarse, but it forms a great space of white against dark so that it fairly jumps from the canvas and insists on being seen, quite as if it had originally been intended for a poster. The public, forced to look and finding this huge, white, staring "machine" in the principal place of honor, thinks it must be something very great and begins to read meanings into it when, as a work of art or an allegory, it simply means nothing at all. This is the painting to which the Edward F. Stotesbury Prize has been awarded. Mr. Carles, as it happens, is a member of the Faculty of the Academy. So is Daniel Garber who receives the Temple Gold Medal. Both have received awards in previous years, as have other men closely associated with the Academy. Two members of the Faculty are on the jury who have made the awards this year. It is to be hoped that in the distribution of the prizes under its control, the Academy is not drifting into a close corporation, a family affair. Too many money prizes are at the disposal of our art academies and schools. Unless we can get rid of them and also of the over-financed travelling studentships, the hope for the future of American art is small.

The honors, apart from prize-winning honors, are again with Wayman Adams. He has grouped together on one canvas the three men, McLure Hamilton, Charles M. Burns, Joseph Pennell, whom a year ago he painted separately and he calls the group "The Conspiracy." Whatever they may be conspiring about, the three, as they stand talking on the street opposite the Academy, are painted with that life and vivacity and interest which are so far to seek in most of the portraits of to-day. The figures are full of the character of which Wayman Adams, at his best, is master—character in each face, each pose, each gesture, each hat, and character too in the very contrast of

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character. And the three are alive, they are really talking, and they talk with animation. It is true the group has the defects of almost all Adams's work. There is no atmosphere. The figures are detached from the background, do not keep their place within the frame. But one hesitates in these anæmic days to criticise a painter who can paint with vigor and sympathy, and who evidently cares enormously for what he is doing. Sometimes, as often happens when a painter's eyes are so keen for character, Adams seems to lose all sense of it in a sitter whose appeal to him is less direct, and his "Critic" and "Theresa" are commonplace in comparison with "The Conspiracy." Of the other portraits the most important are McLure Hamilton's two groups, one a study for a large painting of the Presidents of the Fellowship of the Pennsylvania Academy, one of Judge Simpson with his wife, Mrs. Simpson, wearing a green velvet gown which gives the artist the chance for a richer note of color than his palette usually yields him. There is an amusing freshness in the rendering and the expression of a little girl, "Mary Ellis," by George Luks. Childe Hassam has a "Self-Portrait"—the word is an odious Germanism—but apparently he was absorbed in the study of light rather than of himself. Adolphe Borie's "Dr. Horace Howard Furness, jr." is sympathetic, suggests character in the background, is pleasant in color, but a little hesitating and fumbling in drawing. Cecilia Beaux has lost an opportunity in "Miss Marion Reilly." William M. Paxton paints "An Actress" with a slickness of surface that is positively disagreeable. And there is a portrait of Frank Duveneck that all who love and respect the memory of that distinguished artist and delightful man must wish the jury had refused to hang. It is a travesty in paint. Poor Duveneck!

Frieseke and Richard Miller appear to have grown tired of being criticised for repeating themselves. Frieseke has strayed from his familiar salon and boudoir into a garden of "White Lilies," but the flowers suggest less the freedom of nature and out-of-doors than the conventionalized pattern woven from them for the chintzes and wall-papers he more frequently paints. Miller, at least in his "Gold Fish," has been at greater pains to carry out the formal design of the landscape gardener than the play of sunlight and shadow that has so much greater charm for him. Redfield's three or four large landscapes are not remarkable. In one he gives a careful study of the effect of the brown dead leaves of winter against snow. But in none does he bring his subject together by a well thought-out design, and all are on too large a scale to tell as mere notes of effects. On the other hand, F. W. Benson over-elaborates the design, in his case a color scheme, until it is lost in the effort. His canvas is colorless, the only pleasure it gives is from the delicate, almost tender painting of a vase, the one bit of real color in a strained and artificial arrangement of greys. It is Mr. Benson's own fault if he invites comparison with Whistler, or Vermeer, or the other masters who could arrange the palest greys into the richest harmony. Little, if anything else, calls for special mention among the paintings. N. N.

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Finance

Revival of Stock Market Speculation

THE spirited recovery in stock market prices which has assumed considerable proportions brings up various queries concerning the causes behind the movement and, among others, to what extent it reflects belief in ultimate business revival. The stock market in years past has been a faithful index to business conditions and early in 1908 reflected the general improvement which followed the great financial panic of the year before. The present rise has reached proportions where it may be said that the outside public is coming to be genuinely interested in the stock market.

This is a good sign and may mean that the hard-headed American investor, ranging in type from the odd-lot buyer up to the man of large means, has convinced himself that the worst is over and that general business is on the up-grade again. There have been several indications to provide a basis for such a theory.

Within the last few weeks banking and industrial experts have seen signs of a gradual improvement in general conditions. In some industries the change has come through an enlarged consumptive inquiry for the basic materials which remained stagnant for some time after the armistice was signed. In other quarters the betterment has taken the form of a broader foreign demand for the sort of produce and merchandise for which Europe is in pressing need. Another indication of much significance has been the continued prosperity of retail trade. Large department stores in various cities have done an excellent business which in some cases has shown a considerable improvement over the corresponding period a year ago. The broader buying of automobiles has reflected the willingness of the public to provide itself with new pleasure vehicles without awaiting further reductions.

Besides all these factors, there is the basic strength of our banking system to fall back upon. Under the improved facilities of the Federal Reserve Bank System, there has been created a rediscount market of important proportions. Whereas, formerly the mercantile borrower of moderate strength had to depend upon a few banks for accommodation, his paper now enjoys a broader market, provided it is backed by satisfactory credit. With the rediscount facilities of the Federal Reserve Banks available, the market for commercial paper has broadened materially, so that there has never been a time in the history of American commerce when the legitimate mercantile borrower had such credit facilities at his disposal as he has to-day.

All these developments have conspired to produce a more hopeful feeling on the part of the public as to the trade outlook.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

POETRY AND DRAMA

Langner, Lawrence. The Broken Image. New York: Egmont Arens. 35 cents.

Maeterlinck, Maurice. The Burgomaster of Stilemonde: A Play. Dodd, Mead Co. $1.75.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Connolly, James. Labour in Irish History. New York: Donnelly Press. $1.

Daudet, Léon. Le Poignard dans le Dos. Paris: Nouvelle Librairie Nationale. $1.10.

Dilnot, Frank. The New America. Macmillan. $1.25.

Eccard, Frédéric. L'Alsace sous la Domination Allemande. Paris: Armand Colin. $1.10.

Gompers, Samuel. American Labor and the War. Doran. $1.75.

Kenyon, Irving R. Peace, Power and Politics. The Author. 50 cts.

Mathews, Basil. The Riddle of Nearer Asia. Doran. $1.25.

Moors, John F. The Great Issue. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $1.

Morel, E. D. Africa and the Peace of Europe. London: National Labour Press.

Morel, E. D. Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy. London: National Labour Press.

Munro, William B. The Government of the United States. Macmillan. $2.25.

Tomimas, Shutaro. The Open-Door Policy and the Territorial Integrity of China. A. G. Seiler. $1.75.

Trowbridge, E. D. Mexico To-day and To-morrow. Macmillan. $2.

Workmen's Compensation Legislation of the United States and Foreign Countries, 1917 and 1918. Washington: Government Printing Press.

Vandervelde, Emile. Socialism versus the State. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr Co. $1.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Balderston, Lydia R. Housewifery. Lippincott. $2.

Carey, George W. Wonders of the Human Body. Los Angeles: Chemistry of Life Co.

McGowan, Ellen B., and Waite, Charlotte A. Textiles and Clothing. Macmillan. $1.10.

Wiley, Harvey W. Beverages and Their Adulteration. Blakiston. $3.50.

EDUCATION

Clark, Zelma E., editor. Scott's Marmion. Merrill Co.

Hutchison, Eleanor W. Le Chevalier de Blanchefleur. Heath. 48 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS

Carr, H. Wildon, editor. Philosophical and Religious Life and Finite Individuality. London: Williams & Norgate.

Pollard, Alfred W. Early Illustrated Books. Second edition. Dutton.

Shackleton, Robert. The Book of Philadelphia. Penn Publishing Co. $3.

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Two Striking Biographies

The Peace President

By William Archer

An English estimate and appreciation of Woodrow Wilson. "A justification of Mr. Wilson's policy in regard to the great war which is not likely soon to be bettered."—*N. Y. Sun.*

($1.00 *net.*)

Bismarck

By C. Grant Robertson

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